

THE
STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY
GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. VI.

JULY TO DECEMBER

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8, 9, 10, & 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1893



THE BRIGAND'S DAUGHTER.



A BRIGAND'S DAUGHTER

BY BELGRAVIA

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.

HAT a handsome portrait, Fred ! Who was your model ?

"My wife," responded Fred Wynton, as he followed his friend's gaze of admiration to a portrait standing on an easel in his studio.

"Your wife ! What, are you married, then ?" queried Henry Aubert, as he looked in a surprised manner at his friend. "You made no mention of the subject to me when we parted at Milan a year ago. I always thought you were too careless a fellow to settle down as a prosy Benedict, Fred."

"So I thought," was the response, "but that was before my adventures in Corsica. I had quite a romantic as well as exciting time of it after leaving you—in fact, I have only been in England a month."

"May I hear the circumstances which brought about such a change in you ?" asked Henry Aubert, with a smile, as he leant back in a low chair, and took a proffered cigar.

"By all means, old fellow, only mind, no chaff afterwards," said Fred Wynton, and sitting down by the long French window, he faced his friend, and began the narrative of his adventures.

"You remember I told you when we parted that morning at Milan that I intended to indulge in a couple of months' shooting in Corsica ? Well, on my arrival at the home of big game and banditti, I proceeded to put my wishes into practice. I had obtained,

as I thought, a trustworthy guide in the person of Luigo Cospi, who had offered me his assistance shortly after my arrival. He knew the island thoroughly, and also how to avoid the districts infested by mountain robbers ; so on the recommendation of my host, who was evidently in league with him, as I found out afterwards, I engaged his services.

"Matters went well enough for a couple of weeks. My guide was a splendid shot, a careful attendant, and apparently faithful. We had traversed a considerable distance one day when, as I felt exceedingly weary, I lay down to rest in a shady nook, leaving Cospi on guard with his loaded carbine. The steady tramp of my attendant as he passed to and fro gradually produced a drowsiness ; I closed my eyes, and was soon fast asleep.

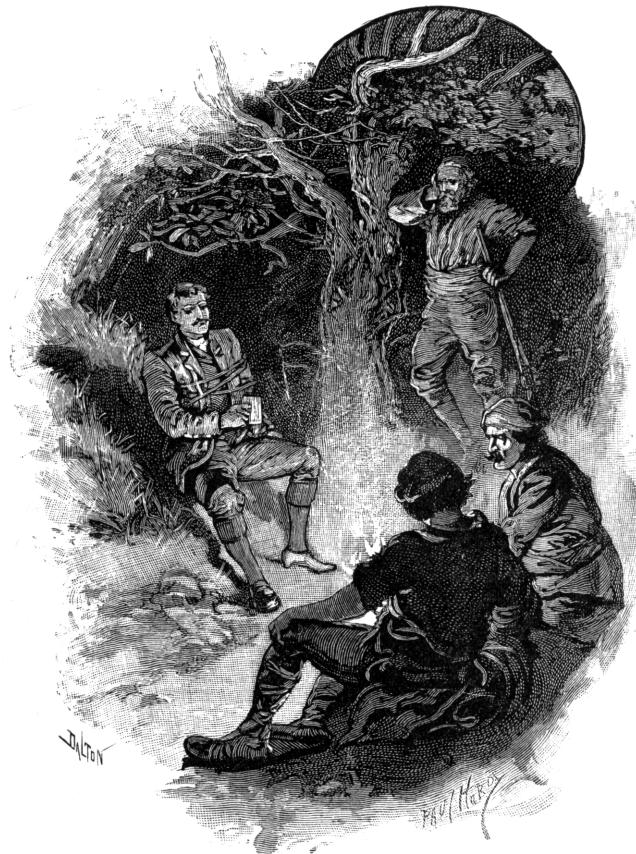
"How long my slumber lasted I am unable to say, but the sun had gone down when I awoke, and in the twilight my eyes rested on several forms standing close by in animated conversation. They were gathered round my guide, who was gesticulating and talking excitedly. Hearing my name pronounced by him, I endeavoured to raise my right hand to rub my eyes, when, to my great surprise, I found myself unable to do so. Looking down, I observed that a coil of rope, evidently part of a lariat, which Cospi had used occasionally during the past two weeks, was twined several times round my waist and secured my arms firmly to my sides. I struggled to my feet, and was instantly observed by the miscreants, one of

whom presented his carbine at my head, threatening sudden death if I ventured to resist, which, in my bound condition, I was not likely to have much opportunity to do.

" 'Have you betrayed me, Cospi?' I ejaculated, looking indignantly at my quondam guide.

" For reply he shrugged his shoulders, and then said, in an apologetic tone, ' I serve my chief, Espaldo ; all are his enemies save we who serve him.'

" Previous to our departure, my right arm was unbound while I partook of some coarse bread and fruit, washed down with a little sour wine. In spite of the peril in which I felt myself placed, I could not help feeling a keen interest in the scene in which I unfortunately played so prominent a part. The night was cool, and the brigands had improvised a fire of the dead wood which lay so plentifully to hand, and the ruddy gleams of the burning wood lit up the foliage of the



"ROUND THE FIRE."

" 'What do you intend to do with me?' I asked.

" 'We march to-night to the chief's headquarters whose prisoner you are,' responded Cospi. ' You will be treated with due respect on the route, provided that you accept the inevitable, and make no effort to escape.'

" 'The distance?' I asked, laconically.

" Fifteen English miles. We hope to arrive about four o'clock, that is one hour after sunrise,' replied Cospi.

trees around, save where the shadows of my guards fell upon them. Above, the blue heaven was spangled with stars ; while round the fire the brigands, including Cospi, sat in their picturesque garb, sharing the rough repast of which I was a partaker. At intervals, through the foliage, I caught glimpses of the two brigands who kept watch, as they marched backwards and forwards, with their carbines in readiness should any unforeseen chance necessitate their use.

"We must commence our journey, your excellency," said Cospi, shortly after the meal was concluded.

"I am ready," I responded, and rose to my feet, submitting to the rebinding of my right arm to my side, as I felt resistance was useless.

Cospi headed the small column, then came two of the banditti, next I marched, followed by two more of my guard, whose rear was brought up by a single brigand. It was a long journey through the rough country, for my captors carefully avoided the beaten tracks, and long before the journey was over I felt weary, but the steady march of my guards never wavered. Morning with its glorious sunrise had dawned for fully an hour, when I became aware that we were approaching the bandit chief's abode.

"Your excellency must submit to be blindfolded," said Cospi, who now left the head of the column, and, suiting the action to the word, placed a brightly coloured silk scarf across my eyes, which left me in total darkness.

Steered by my former servant and now my captor, I stumbled on for some time, then became aware of being in a close atmosphere. The bandage was removed from my eyes. I was in the presence of the chief, Espaldo.

II.

AFTER a few minutes, during which my eyes were becoming used to the light, I began to comprehend the various objects around. I was evidently in a natural cave, from the roof of which hung long stalactites. At the far end of the cave was a ruddy gleam of light, which I concluded came from the sky, as the air seemed to blow fresher towards that part, and to relieve me somewhat from the closeness which I had observed on entering the cave. The sea was evidently near at hand, for I could distinctly hear the waves as they broke against the shore, which re-echoed with their beating and dashing against it.

The cave itself was extremely long, and apparently stored with the proceeds of the spoils of both land and sea. Carpets, rugs,

and tapestry of all descriptions lay profusely around, while the walls were adorned with rude carvings done in idle hours, and interspersed with weapons of defence, consisting of carbines, short, wide-bladed swords, curved scimitars, and some curious-looking two-handed weapons. Upon a pile of carpet and skins lay the chief, a dark, handsome man, fully fifty years of age. Ranged round him were carbineers, with here and there a woman's face adorned with long ear-rings and gay-coloured shawls. On left and right of the chief's daïs the attendants ranged, and along the cave. Through the pathway thus made, I was led into Espaldo's presence.

"Cospi, carbine in hand, stood at my right. Behind were two of my guard. The rest had joined the number who filled the sides of the cave.

"The confused murmur of voices died away as Espaldo, raising himself, directed a keen glance at me, and inquired, 'Your name, captive?'



"YOUR NAME, CAPTIVE?"

"Frederic Scott Wynton," I responded, meeting his glance with all the calmness and fortitude I could command.

"You are an Englishman, if I may judge from your accent?" continued the chief.

"I am proud to own that is the fact," I replied.

"Your profession?"

"Artist—that is to say, I paint a little, and also carve occasionally in stone."

"Do you understand why you have been brought here?"

"I presume that some ransom may be obtained for my release," I answered,

"'Precisely. What ransom are you prepared to offer?' questioned Espaldo.

"'I have no suggestion to make,' I responded. 'My visit to this island was purely of a friendly description. You rob me of liberty, the dearest right of my countrymen, but I do not recognise your authority to do so.'

"Espaldo's face flushed crimson, and he made a hasty motion to Coshi, who led me towards an opening on the left, my guard following. I stopped at the entry, my heart beating violently as I wondered what the effect of my rash speech would be. Coshi, seeing me hesitate to enter the side chamber—which had been evidently excavated, judging from the regularity of its sides and roof—exclaimed:—

"'Your excellency need fear nothing at present; our chief is about to consult as to the conditions to be offered you for your release.'

Entering this stone apartment, I discovered it to be one apparently used for the devotion of this lawless band. Crime and superstition are handmaids in the Corsican's life. At the far end was apparently an altar, the centrepiece of which was a large representation of the Crucifixion carved in oak, in front of which were several wooden benches for the use of the worshippers. The walls were bare, save here and there where a rough representation of various Scriptural events was cut into the solid stone. The brigands' chapel, as I may call it, was lit by the sole device of hewing a square piece out of the roof of it, into which had been fitted a large pane of crimson glass, the effect of which upon the interior was to produce a strange and weird appearance.

"I had been occupied in examining the different carvings—which showed occasionally considerable artistic skill—for about half an hour, when Coshi entered the apartment, from which he had been called a few minutes previously, and intimated that my presence was required by Espaldo. I re-entered the main part of the cave and passed into the bandit chief's presence.

"'The conditions of your release have been settled in my council, and from them no deviation will be made,' said Espaldo.

"'I await their mention,' I responded.

"'They are two in number—the first is that you obtain a ransom of one thousand English pounds within four weeks of this day.'

"'And the second?' I asked, wondering what further stipulation could be made.

"'That you carve for us the representation

of the Virgin in stone during the time you remain our prisoner.'

"'And what if I refuse one or both conditions? The sum you name is large, and an artist cannot work by force,' I replied, gloomily.

"'Your refusal will be the signal for your death; your acceptance will bring you release when the conditions are fulfilled,' answered Espaldo.

"'And that death will be——' I began.

"'You will be shot at daybreak to-morrow; or, failing the arrival of the ransom if you accept, to-morrow four weeks.'

"'I cannot carve without a model,' I responded, hoping that this objection would be of service to me.

"'That has been provided for,' responded the chief, and he gave an order to one of his attendants, who retired. A few minutes afterwards the attendant returned, accompanied by a lady thickly muffled. By the chieftain's command the gearing was removed from her head and shoulders, and the model for the brigand's Madonna stood unveiled before me. Why need I describe the feelings of admiration and excitement which possessed me on seeing her lovely form attired in handsome and picturesque costume, with raven locks falling in profusion over her shoulders? The portrait you are looking at is but a poor representation of her whom I first beheld at that moment.

"'I accept the conditions,' was my response, and in a short time I was conducted to another part of the cave, my bonds removed, and a couch of skins prepared for the rest which I so much needed. Coshi, his carbine in hand, guarded me. Later on, when the chief understood the sacredness with which I held my sworn promise to fulfil the imposed conditions, even this guard was withdrawn, and I enjoyed comparative freedom. I was not, however, allowed to wander far from the cave; indeed, the carbineers posted regularly near the cave's entry cut off any hope of escape had I attempted it.

III.

HAVING accepted the proposed conditions for my ransom, I gave a written order on my banker for the stipulated sum to Espaldo, who was easily able, by means of his emissaries, to obtain its monetary value in the time stipulated.

Meantime I began to make a rough model in clay of the Madonna from the daughter of Espaldo, as the lady assigned for the purpose proved to be. I had determined to

represent the Madonna standing in grief below the representation of the Crucifixion, which, as I have already mentioned, formed the central portion of the altar in the brigands' chapel. The stone supplied for the finished model was much like Carrara marble, and my artistic instinct being aroused, I threw all my efforts into the task imposed.

"Algarita, the model, had, I soon learnt, been taught by the brigands' father con-

strokes with the chisel to the Madonna, and which I had purposely lingered over, Cospi entered the chapel where I was at work. 'I have a message for your excellency,' said he, 'from the chief, Espaldo.'

"Concluding that it was the news of the payment of my ransom, I said, carelessly, 'You may speak out before Algarita; there is nothing to conceal from her.'

"'Espaldo bids your excellency learn that the stipulated sum has been refused payment,



"I THREW ALL MY EFFORTS INTO THE TASK IMPOSED."

fessor the rudiments of English, and in spite of the conditions under which I worked, I soon found that the happiest hours of my bondage were those passed in copying her features. Cospi had endeavoured to win her affections long before my detention in Corsica, and the failure of his hopes, I understood, still smote him keenly. He had been dispatched to a certain town in the island to await my ransom, and upon its arrival was to bring it on to the brigands' headquarters.

"The days and weeks sped away; I was so happy in the task and company which my labour secured that I scarcely noticed the fact that I was drawing near to release or death.

"How Cospi got the information of my interest in Algarita I know not, but on the evening of the twenty-seventh day of my capture, as I was just putting a few finishing

and that you be ready for death by sunrise to-morrow,' said Cospi, with an ill-concealed smile.

"'I shall be ready,' I replied, in a dazed sort of way, the unexpected refusal to meet my request for ransom quite unnerving me. Algarita fainted, and at the call of Cospi she was carried away by two swarthy females, and I was left alone with Cospi, who bade me good-night shortly afterwards.

"My last night on earth I determined to spend in the little chapel. All my life seemed to flit before me during the brief interval that elapsed till sunrise dawned. I longed for one word more with Algarita, as I recognised in that hour how much I had learned to love her.

"Cold and grey dawned the morning. I had placed myself in readiness at the entrance to the cave, determined that if Cospi was avenging his unrequited love for

Algarita on my head by concealing the fact of my ransom having been paid—which I found afterwards was true—his revenge should never wring one request for mercy or respite from me.

“The sunlight streaked the east with golden splinters of light; up rose the sun,

the still morning air, and the words were drowned in a volley from the guns. A dull thud, a sensation of pain, a blank nothingness: I was shot!

“Out on the blue waters of the Mediterranean sailed a little craft. Propped up



“I WAS SHOT!”

and reddened sky and hill-top in glory. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. Looking round, I saw a carbineer, who addressed me by saying, ‘The hour has come; has the stranger any last request?’

“Could I trust this man with a message to Algarita? I wondered. Taking a leaf from my pocket-book, I scrawled upon it: ‘*Good-bye, with my dying breath I bless you.—E.*’ and gave it to the carbineer. ‘Deliver this,’ I responded, ‘and grant me to die with my eyes unbandaged.’

“A brave request; it is granted, and Algarita shall have this scrap of paper,’ said the carbineer; ‘and now follow me.’

“There was an open space outside the cave, between it and the sea, and to this spot my guide conducted me. Here I found several carbineers drawn up in line, Cospi, with a look of exultation, among them.

“I knelt down, then waved my right hand in token of readiness for death.

“‘Ready! Present! Fire!’ rang out on

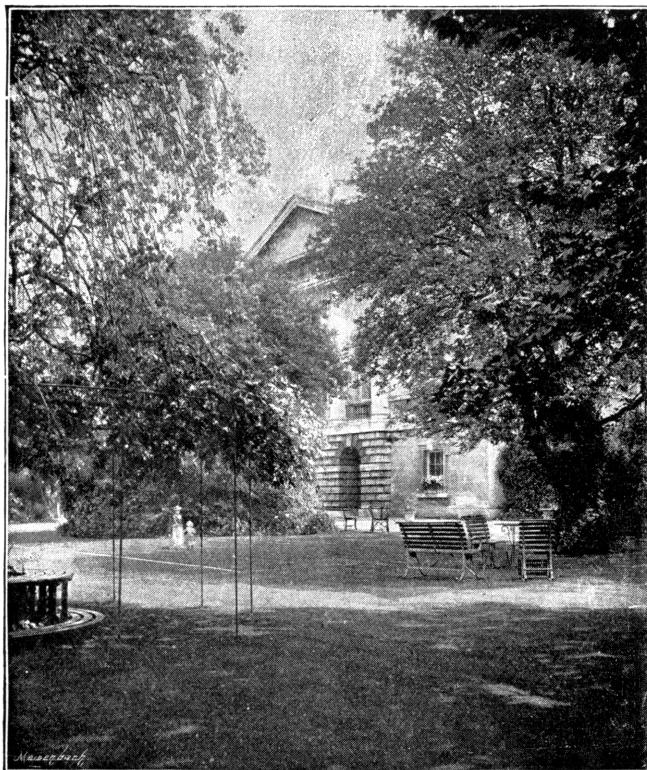
with pillows I lay, my head supported by Algarita. When consciousness had returned to me, I begged to hear the sequel of my fate. It was told in a few words. Cospi’s gun alone was loaded with a bullet, the rest had been tampered with, and a harmless cartridge substituted. Although not ordered to take part in my death, Cospi had asked to join the carbineers at the last moment, and the chief had granted him permission. The others, on his subsequent departure, had carried me into the boat. Algarita would not leave me to the care of the two carbineers who had volunteered to try to land me at the nearest European seaport. My wounded shoulder soon was restored. We reached England after a journey first to Lyons, thence to Dieppe, and London, where we were married.”

“And what shall you call the portrait when you exhibit it?” asked Henry Aubert.

“‘A Brigand’s Daughter in Belgravia,’ he responded.

White Lodge.

BY MARY SPENCER-WARREN.



WHITE LODGE, FROM THE LAWN.
From a Photo. by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.
(Taken by special permission for THE STRAND MAGAZINE.)



GREAT day of public rejoicing has come and gone; and more recent events have somewhat relegated to the background the varied anecdotes—true or imaginary—of the Royal bride and her home, her presents and her wedding.

Many may imagine that there is little left to say upon the subject; but when I remind you how much of what has been printed has been vaguely "stated on the best authority," or told by "someone who knew them well," and when I couple with this the statement

that I had the special permission of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck to describe and photograph the interior of White Lodge, I am not without hope of securing your interested attention.

White Lodge has many associations of interest even of our time, and, in going over it, one finds continually cropping up the fact of this or that room having been a favourite room of Her Majesty the Queen or of the Prince and Princess of Wales: and a more truly charming sylvan retreat, and place of absolute quiet rest, can scarcely be found. It is situated almost in the centre of one of the

most beautiful parks within reach of the Metropolis ; a park magnificently wooded, every tree inhabited with feathery songsters ; deer and rabbit careering and frisking hither and thither, everything pertaining to picturesque Nature, making the whole grand, yet peaceful beyond expression.

Here is the "home" of her who has but lately come from it to take an important place in the world, in the affections of the people, and in the making of the history of the British constitution.

A simple, unpretentious entrance-gate leads me into the grounds fronting the house ; grounds not widely extensive, but yet of some considerable dimensions, replete with trees of all sorts : oak, chestnut, cedars and conifers ; rich in shrubs and flowers, with the green grass plots winding in and out of prettily-laid-out beds. Almost directly, one is in front of the house, quaint and old-world in appearance, entered by an old-fashioned portico and double doors, the flower-filled windows stretching away on either side. Indeed, as you step inside the Entrance-hall you may well imagine yourself in a conservatory, so

rich is it in palms, ferns, and banks of flowers. Deliciously cool, though ! with its marble floor and many windows : just the place for a comfortable rest in one of the many capacious seats, some of them of an antiquity that carries one back to silken and velvet attire and powdered wig. What a collection of curios, too ! Rococo cabinets, Oriental vases, Egyptian pottery, stags' heads, tables of all ages, shapes, and designs, stone images, a stuffed falcon on the wrist of a gauntletted hand, a veritable grandfather's clock, some fine old paintings, some uniquely framed mirrors, and a rare collection of valuable china ; in short, an altogether fine show of much interest.

I was somewhat puzzled by an unusually large number of walking-sticks here confronting me ; quite a wonderful collection of every shape and make. These, I found, were mainly the property of His Highness the Duke of Teck, and had been presented to him on different occasions by Royal and distinguished personages.

Before I leave this Hall, I have come to the conclusion that I am in a house whose



From a Photo. by

THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

[Gunn & Stuart.

presiding genius is an artist of the highest order; none other could produce the wonderful effect that meets you at every turn. Not a corner is lost, not an inch of space but what is turned to good account; abundance without ostentation, riches without display. No thrusting forward of treasures in an attitude of aggression, that seems to say, "See how much I have cost." It is just everything in the right place for it, with a result beyond conception. How I wish I could adequately describe it; and how much more I wish I could show it to some of the stately dowagers who make their homes places of dreary splendour, odious to the eye, and destructive to the comfort!

But I am keeping you in the Entrance-hall, and you want to see more; so we pass on to the next corridor. By the way, corridors

presents that are continually arriving from all quarters. The close proximity, and the absence of hurry and crush, make the inspection delightful, and I feel loth to leave them; but as you will be familiar with the list and description as given in our "dailies," and will perhaps have seen them at the "Institute" prior to the publication of this number, I will not say anything about them beyond a general remark as to the extreme beauty, combined with utility, of the whole. You have here before you a photograph of the corridor containing them, an apartment that had been entirely cleared for their reception, so that, with one exception, every article shown therein is a veritable wedding present, the exception being an easel, containing a very large and remarkably life-like photograph of the Princess May, taken



From a Photo. by

THE CORRIDOR, WITH WEDDING PRESENTS.

[Gunn & Stuart.

abound here, the whole place reminding one of an Indian residence. It has a fairly substantial centre building, with long semi-circular wings projecting from either side. This special corridor we have just entered is most interesting just now, for here are displayed the numerous and costly

recently by Gunn and Stuart, the artists responsible for the accompanying views, taken by special permission. This, I am told, is a favourite likeness; the prominent position accorded it testifying to the fact.

From here we step into a little ante-room, lighted by a window from which you look

out into the front grounds. A pleasant little room this, a useful one, too, by the look of it; books and music abound, chief of which I note Sullivan's Operas. Over the mantel is an old-fashioned oval mirror, and on it some quaint china animals of Liliputian size. Some choice old prints appear on the walls, amongst them being William Duke of Gloucester, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, the "First Council of Her Majesty," and the celebrated "rainbow" picture of Queen Elizabeth, in the possession of the Marquis of Salisbury. In this room I am forcibly reminded of the incessant zeal in all good works, and proverbial kind heart and real good nature of the popular Duchess and her equally popular daughter. It is not necessary for me to dilate here upon the various charitable objects taken in hand by these two ladies, but the presence of a huge pile of annual Reports of the Needlework Guild will justify the mention of this—one of the most useful works organized by them.

Several little models near testify to the affection in which H.R.H. the Duchess is

held by some of the poor whom she has benefited: one is a model of Brill's Swimming Baths at Brighton; another a model of the Seaside Home for Orphans—just little trifles in cardboard and seaweed, but birthday presents, accepted in the spirit in which they are offered, and preserved and prized as though the costly gifts of the nobly born. A daughter of such a mother, with that mother's ever watchful and loving care, cannot but give rare promise for the future, when her position will be the greatest any woman can occupy.

A cabinet of shells and seaweed tells of pleasant sojourns of the youthful members of the family; and a number of albums contain likenesses of family and friends without number.

Three doors open from this room, one by which I have entered from the corridor, one opposite leading to the upper regions, and one on my left, by which I enter one of the prettiest rooms I have ever seen—and certainly, just now, the most interesting room in the house, namely, the Princess May's sitting-room.





From a Photo. by

CABINET IN PRINCESS MAY'S ROOM.
(Taken by special permission for THE STRAND MAGAZINE.)

[Gunn & Stuart.

Charming is a weak word applied to such perfection of art arrangement as you here behold. White is predominant: the ceiling and walls are painted white, relieved with terra-cotta, with shelf and projection of cream and gold beading about one-third of distance from floor; the carpet has a white, velvety centre, with Oriental bordering, and the furniture is entirely of white wood: baskets and vases of flowers, palms and ferns, give an exceedingly picturesque effect to the whole. On the walls above projection you will find a portrait of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and a copy of the famous picture "Trust." Over the mantel is a handsome white-framed mirror, with beautifully painted virginia creeper, in autumn tints, running artistically over the glass, the mantel under it being literally crowded with photos and curiosities of all descriptions; the shelf around the room, together with the lower walls, being decorated in like manner.

Near the French windows stands a pretty writing table, and here the Princess has been

in the habit of sitting to conduct her correspondence with her numerous relations and friends. This, as well as every available article or space in the room, is crowded with photos, every one bearing name of original across the front in the owner's handwriting. The Royal Family, of course, are largely represented. On the table there are also a number of useful and pretty articles in silver and tortoise-shell—doubtless many of them are souvenirs—and the entire orderly arrangement of the whole testifies strongly to inculcation of methodical tidiness from early youth upwards. On the other side of the room is a glass-fronted white cabinet. Of this I take a somewhat lengthened survey, and well am I repaid for so doing. Every inch of the inside and outside shelves is covered with the most charming odds and ends in the shape of jewellery, albums, birthday books, silver and gold-topped bottles,

fans, silver-framed hand mirrors, card cases, silver photo frames, and choice vases—birthday presents most of them, and placed and kept under the special care of the Princess herself.

A neat and pretty white book-case contains a number of works by writers of note, such as Racine, Carlyle, George Eliot, Molière, McCarthy, the *Globe Encyclopædia*, while poets are represented by Longfellow, Scott, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Herbert. Very evidently, the mind of the young Princess is well stored with useful and varied information; nor am I surprised to find evidences of sincere Christian feeling in the presence of such books as "Captain Hedley Vicars," "English Hearts and English Hands," and "A Hero of the Battle of Life"; each of these and other similar works bearing signs of frequent use.

A comfortable couch, with an Oriental covering, is almost hidden by a beautifully hand-painted screen, and another fan-shaped one containing photos. The back of a luxurious sofa is met by the back of an

upright "Pleyel" piano; this also having an Oriental covering, upon which rest some silver candlesticks, a framed portrait of the eldest son of the house—"Dolly" written across it—and a basket of ferns and flowers. Beside the piano is a pile of music; and what a wonderful and fearful number there are dedicated and composed for the wedding! How tired even *this* amiable Princess must be of wading through such an endless mass of monotony! That they had been looked over and used, appearances proved: waltz, gavotte, and polka, nearly all bearing execrable likenesses of the Princess and the Duke, and nearly all not being worth the paper they cover.

Just now, the fire-place is fronted with handsome hand-painted screens; on the right—almost in the corner—standing a large canopied seat, with a basket-work exterior and lined in satin—a very comfortable-looking arrangement it is. Near this stands a huge work-basket, from which peep out sundry pieces of knitting of various sizes and colours. You all know how the Princess has been in the habit of working for the poor around her gates! How with never-failing industry she has sewn and knitted, even continuing her work when chatting to morning callers; finding time all too short for the work she ever found awaiting her.

The door panels are exquisitely painted with branches of trees, having squirrels in playful attitudes, strikingly true to life. Over each doorway depend Oriental curtains, and a number of pretty white flower-stands display ferns and white Marguerite. Time is indicated by a French time-piece in malachite and ormolu, and by a handsome little travelling clock on the writing table. Hanging lamps and bronze candelabra light the room by night; the daylight streaming through

French windows opening on to a charming white painted balcony, replete with hanging baskets of ferns and flowers, and looking on to lawn and gardens. Small and unpretentious in appearance is the room wherein the Princess has spent so many happy hours of her youth, but so cosy, so thoroughly home-like, and showing such evidences of its owner's taste and skill, and so full of pretty momentos of relations and friends, that I should imagine feelings of real regret would arise at leaving such a spot.

Opening from here is a room used for various purposes: sometimes by Mlle. Bricka, to write letters, etc., sometimes by the young Princes to read and smoke. In it there is a goodly array of books: travels, history, magazines, military and naval works, and a case containing the whole of Scott's. A few old paintings may be seen, also a few good caricatures, one especially funny of Corney Grain and Grossmith. In the centre of the mantel is a bronze bust of Her Majesty, and in different parts of the room other bronzes, one or two time-pieces, some old china, and a model of a mortar. Writing tables and easy comfortable chairs abound, with an assorted collection of pipes and other masculine property here and there.

Now I retrace my steps through the



From a Photo. by

THE DUKE OF TECK'S SITTING-ROOM.

[Gunn & Stuart.

Princess's room and the corridor, and traversing the Entrance-hall, find myself in the Inner Hall. From here the Grand Staircase opens on the right, with a door on same side leading into the Duke's sitting-room ; the entrance to the drawing-room faces ; the dining-room opening on the left. This Inner Hall is rather dark, but there is sufficient light with which to admire four fine pieces of Gobelin tapestry, some fine old paintings—one being a portrait of Queen Charlotte—some antique carved oak furniture, and fine Oriental vases.

First of the above-named rooms which I enter is the Duke's room ; a handsome apartment with cream painted ceiling and imitation-marble papered walls, with green dado, and an inlaid floor scattered with druggets and skins. On the walls I noticed a portrait of Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary in her youth, one of the Princess May, and a copy of "Trust." Other portraits repose on easels and over the mantel ; on the same being a bust of George IV., two large salvers, "Tel-el-Kebir, 13th Sept.," inscribed thereon, and some engraved jugs and cups. Tables, large and small, contain

a number of valuable and quaint curios ; in one corner is a fine shield artistically draped, and in various parts are swords, daggers, assegais, and other martial weapons. The Duke of Teck is no drawing-room soldier merely, but has seen practical service, and knows by experience the utility of these exhibits—many of them being brought from lands where he has fought. A cabinet containing a collection of club badges is interesting, as is also the very large number of photographs which are *en evidence*.

That the Duke is a thoughtful reader is easily understood by examining the fine collection of books displayed on shelves, and on cabinets and tables. I am not going to weary you with a list, but am sure you will be interested in knowing that His Serene Highness is a reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, the bound volumes of which show much general use.

Now, just a peep into the Duke's dressing-room, looking every inch a soldier's room. For an instant, you may imagine yourself in a tent, it being hung in brown holland ; the furniture, in light oak, is simplicity itself. Portraits of the Duchess and her children





CABINET CONTAINING PRESENTATION CASKETS AND TROWELS.

From a Photo, by Gunn & Stuart.

(Taken by special permission for THE STRAND MAGAZINE.)

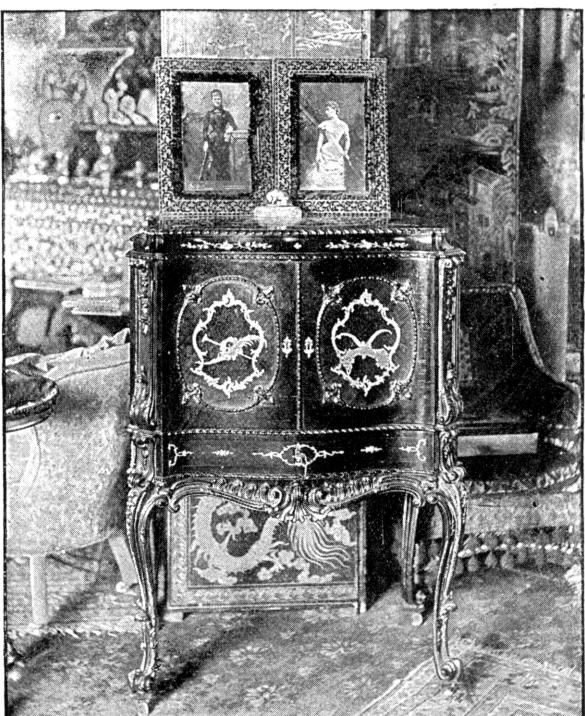
appear here and there, and riding-whips, etc., are plentiful.

The Drawing-room, certainly the finest room in the house, comes next. From its large windows a magnificent view of the park is obtained. The concave ceiling and walls are painted in cream, with gold relief: on the walls being two fine paintings, which are immediately noticeable—George III. and his queen. The curtains are Oriental, as much as two hundred years old, and very costly. The carpet is Axminster, here and there appearing skins and rugs. There is a suite of furniture upholstered in pale blue satin, with frames of over-burnished gold; while some is covered in Beauvais tapestry, and some draped with Indian shawls, with frames of ebony. It would be interesting to know the histories of much of antiquity here; unquestionably these things were many of them the property of departed monarchs and princes, and could tell many a strange tale of bygone courtly circles.

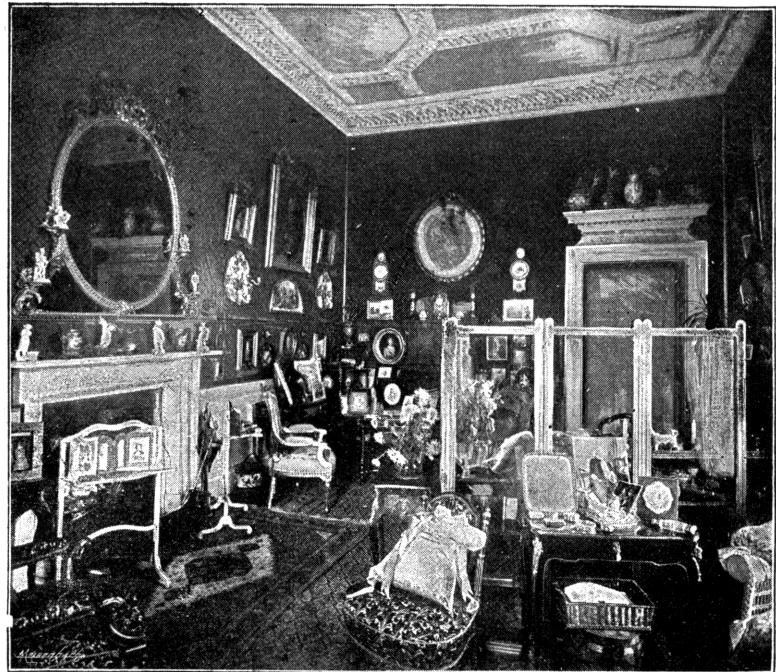
I noticed several beautiful cabinets in this room; two of them, being of great interest, I had photographed. One is of ebony with ormolu mounts, and Sèvres plaques in door panels; it contains the caskets and trowels which have been presented to the Duchess by different institutions which she has helped by her sympathy and presence.

The other cabinet was formerly the property of Queen Charlotte; it is of Amboyna and tulip wood, beautifully inlaid, and is much prized by its present Royal owner. Then there is one standing at each side of the fire-place, given by Queen Victoria. They are of precious wood, handsomely mounted, and are full of costly curios, many of them profusely jewelled. Another—fitted with numbers of drawers—looks of James I. period; and still another I note, which must be of great value, being of inlaid pearl.

On top of some of these cabinets is a fine display of Sèvres

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S CABINET.
(Taken by special permission for THE STRAND MAGAZINE.)

[Gunn & Stuart.]



From a Photo. by

THE DUCHESS OF TECK'S SITTING-ROOM.

[Gunn & Stuart.

china, Bleu du roi and Bleu de Vincenne. On the marble mantel is a time-piece by Mignuel, some Sèvres and ormolu candelabra, and two bronze equestrian ornaments. Palms, ferns, and flowers flourish in Oriental and Dresden vases; hand-painted screens are rich in variety. Buhl and ormolu tables are plentiful, and contain costly curios of every description. Some valuable mirrors are much to be admired, having frames with pebbled fruit in relief. There are some fine ormolu candelabra, mounted on ebony and ormolu pedestals; and a bronze bust of Charles I., which must not be overlooked. I spent some considerable time in front of a glass-topped table, the contents of which are unique and priceless: medals, coins, orders and cases, showing engraving and chasing of the rarest, the articles themselves being of purest gold, and in many cases studded with precious jewels.

One corner of the room has a specially artistic appearance; from the ceiling floating a gilded angel, supporting hangings of Indian shawls, arranged with very fine effect.

A magnificent grand piano, by Steinway and Sons, occupies a conspicuous position. This is known as a "No. 2 Grand"; it was presented to Her Royal Highness the Duchess by the inhabitants of Richmond and vicinity on the occasion of her silver

wedding. The cost of the instrument was 225 guineas, the selection being left to Signor Paolo Tosti. Having had an opportunity of hearing its tones in the room where it is standing, I can here testify to its beauty and power.

In a corner of the room, opposite the piano, a door opens into the Blue-room, the private sitting-room of the Duchess. It is luxuriously furnished, yet has a very cosy home-like appearance. The ceiling is

painted in the palest of blue, relieved with cream and gold, with walls in dark blue and gold dado. On the walls are some good portraits; the Duke of Teck, the late Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess May, by Long—a silver wedding gift—being the chief of them. There is a large and very fine collection of miniatures, some French clocks, some costly fans and mirrors, together with hosts of curios, rich and rare. Sèvres china, ormolu and Dresden candelabra, stand on choice cabinets. Here, again, I notice some of the furniture is upholstered in Beauvais tapestry, while some is in pale blue or sage, showing up well against the dark background of the walls. On one chair may be seen a handsome cushion—evidently presentation—stuffed with rose leaves, and hand-embroidered, a verse of Scripture beautifully worked: "And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the Nations," over this appearing the name of Her Royal Highness. Tables are numerous, but two are of special note, one being the writing table of the Duchess. It is crowded with correspondence in neat piles, the entire arrangement being evidence of inherent method and order. The other table, I note, has a glass-case top, filled with medals and souvenirs. On a small inlaid table near, my attention is

drawn to a silver horse-shoe, in an open velvet case, this being commemorative of the first Horse Show held at Richmond in 1892.

Portraits—chiefly family ones—are in every direction, some of the groups having most interesting associations. A crystal case of ancient jewellery must be of immense value, as must also be the number of tasteful vases here displayed. One, of some considerable size, has some hand-painted bars of music shown on it, being passages from works of Verdi, Tosti, and Donizetti. Very much more might be said of this pretty apartment; but, as there are one or two more rooms demanding brief notice, I leave it, and proceed to the Bird-room: this taking its name from a very pretty paper on the walls, showing birds of all sorts and colours. This room is used as a breakfast-room; but the family, when alone, often dine here also. In it are some "Landseers" and other pictures, together with a number of old prints, some as far back as 1501. An ordinary dining-table stands in the centre, most of the chairs and couches being of basketwork. The room

opens on to a pretty Oriental balcony, from whence is a flight of steps leading down to green sward and flowery bed. On this balcony the family often take tea when the weather will not allow of it being taken under the favourite copper beech. The walls are covered with Indian matting; numbers of cosy or capacious basket chairs, and tables of the same, comprise the furniture, while from the ceiling depend baskets of flowers and creeping plants. Very artistic is this pretty balcony, and I am not surprised when I hear of its being much frequented.

Now I wend my way to the Dining-room, a room which has lately seen some distinguished gatherings round its dining-table. It is a fine, handsome apartment, lofty and light, with panellings of red bordered in gold moulding. On the walls are some grand paintings: Frederick, King of Bohemia, by Mierevelt; Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, by Van Dyck; the three children of Henrietta Maria, by Sir Peter Lely; and the Duchess of Cambridge. A good photograph of the latter is here presented; it is, as you will see, hanging over the side-board, on which are some very fine pieces of china. On either side are some beautifully worked screens, standing usually, however, on either side of the fireplace. In the centre of the room hangs a massive lamp, in the place of the chandeliers generally seen; White Lodge, owing to its isolated position, not being supplied with gas. Heavy crimson curtains, Turkey carpets of the same hue, and red morocco-covered furniture make up a warm, rich effect, while flowers here, as everywhere, cast around their brightness and fragrance.

The Green Corridor must have but brief notice, though one might spend hours in seeing it; it is a long, winding place with ceiling and walls painted in the most beautiful shades, from which it takes its name. It is literally full of things of beauty: inlaid cabinets, Oriental rugs, tiger skins, plush and



From a Photo. by

PART OF THE DINING-ROOM

(Taken by special permission for THE STRAND MAGAZINE.)

(Gunn & Stuart.

hand-painted screens, malachite and ormolu caskets, ormolu and tortoise-shell time-pieces, a large number of enamels and miniatures, paintings and old prints; buhl and ormolu tables, and numbers of baskets and stands containing a perfect wealth of flowers. It is here that the Duchess likes to receive her visitors, and here is her favourite seat near one of the many windows looking out on one of the prettiest parts of the grounds. These same grounds are well worth a visit, the Duke taking a special pride in their arrangement. Turn which way you may, something uncommonly picturesque meets the eye. Several times I saw something amusing, too, both here and from the drawing-room windows. It goes without saying that just at the time of my visit—immediately before the eventful 6th of July—White Lodge was very much a centre of attraction. Mr. and Mrs. John Bull and family drove out in waggonette and trap to see the place; hence it was that, on account of the shrubs encircling the grounds being dense and high, one was continually seeing

heads bobbing up and down like jacks in a box. It was possible to look over the hedge by standing up on the seats of the carriage; so the very utmost was made of the opportunity, with amusing results as above.

When I drive away from this most pleasant of Royal houses, I am conscious of having been where a family, at once united and affectionate, are almost dreading the ordeal of the first parting. Bright and brilliant as the future appears, the beloved daughter and adored sister will never again be the life and sunshine of the home as she has been, and it is but natural that her absence will cause a void that can never be filled. The family loss, however, is the country's gain; for a Princess is coming to us who has received the wise training and counsel of an English home; who has passed her youthful days in the midst of the people over whom one day she may be called to reign, and who has already gained their good-will and respectful affection, by the many good works in which she has assisted her illustrious mother.



Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Authors of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

III.—VERY FAR WEST.

TWAS a rather young-looking man until the incident which I am about to relate took place. I will frankly confess that it aged me, telling for a time on my nerves, and rendering my right hand so shaky that I was unfit to perform operations of a critical and delicate character. I had just got back to town after my summer holiday when the circumstance occurred which sends strange thrills of horror through me even now.

It was a fine night towards the end of September. I had not many patients at this time, and felt a sudden desire to go to the theatre. Hailing a hansom, I ordered the man to drive me to the Criterion. I was in evening dress, and wore a diamond ring of remarkable value on my finger. This ring had been the present of a rich nabob, one of my patients, who had taken a fancy to me, and had shown his preference in this manner. I dislike jewellery as a rule, and never wear it; but to-night I slipped the ring on my finger, more from a sudden whim than for any other reason. I secured a good seat in the front row of the dress circle, and prepared for an evening's amusement.

The play was nothing in particular, and the time of year was a slack one with regard to the audience. Soon the curtain was raised, and the players began their performance. They acted without much spirit, the regular company being away on tour.

I was beginning to regret I had come, when my attention was arrested by the late arrival of a couple, who seated themselves in the chairs next to my own. One of them was a man of striking appearance, the other a very young and lovely girl. The man was old. He had silvery white hair, which was cut

rather close to his head—dark eyes, a dark complexion, and a clean-shaven face. His lips were firm, and when shut looked like a straight line—his eyes were somewhat close to his very handsome, aquiline nose. He was a tall man, with broad shoulders, and held himself erect as if only twenty-five instead of sixty years had gone over his head.

His companion was also tall—very slender and willowy in appearance, with a quantity of soft blonde hair, a fair face, and eyes which I afterwards discovered were something the colour of violets. I am not a judge of dress, and cannot exactly describe what the girl



THE "LATE ARRIVALS."

wore—I think she was in black lace, but am not certain. I remember, however, quite distinctly that her opera-cloak was lined with soft white fur; I also know that

she held in her hand a very large white feather fan, which she used assiduously during the performance.

The girl sat next to me. She had an opera-glass, and immediately on her arrival began to use it for purposes of criticism. I guessed, by her manner and by her gently-uttered remarks to her companion, that she was an habitual playgoer, and I surmised, perhaps correctly—I cannot say—that she knew something by actual experience of amateur acting.

Bad as the play undoubtedly was, it seemed to interest this beautiful girl. Between the intervals, which she occupied examining the actors, she made eager remarks to the gentleman by her side. I noticed that he replied to her shortly. I further noticed that not the slightest movement on his part was unperceived by her. I felt sure that they were father and daughter, and was further convinced that they were intensely attached to each other.

I have never considered myself an impressionable character, but there is not the least doubt that this girl—I think I may say this couple—interested me far more than the play I had come to see. The girl was beautiful enough to rouse a man's admiration, but I am certain that the feeling in my breast was not wholly that. I believe now that from the first moment I saw her she threw a sort of spell over me, and that my better judgment, my cool reason, and natural powers of observation were brought into abeyance by a certain power which she must have possessed.

She dropped her fan with some awkwardness. As a matter of course, I stooped to pick it up. In doing so my hand inadvertently touched hers, and I encountered the full gaze of her dark blue eyes.

When the first act came to an end, the invariable attendant with ices put in an appearance.

"You will have an ice?" said the girl, turning eagerly to the gentleman by her side. He shook his head, but motioning to the woman to approach, bought one and gave it to his young companion.

"This will refresh you, Leonora," he said. "My dear, I wish you to eat it."

She smiled at him, and, leaning back comfortably in her chair, partook with evident gratification of the slight refreshment.

I was careful not to appear to watch her, but as I turned for the apparent purpose of looking at a distant part of the audience, I was startled by the fixed gaze of the man who sat

by her side. His closely-set dark eyes were fixed on me. He seemed to look me all over. There was a sinister expression in the thin lines of his closely-shut lips. The moment I glanced at him he turned away. I felt a sudden sense of repulsion. I have had something of the same feeling when I looked full into the eyes of a snake.

The curtain rose, and the play went on. The girl once more had recourse to her opera-glasses, and once more her full attention was arrested by the commonplace performance. About the middle of the act, her elderly companion bent over and whispered something to her. Her hand trembled, the opera-glass slid down unnoticed on her lap. She looked at him anxiously, and said something which I could not hear.

"I shall be better outside," I heard him whisper in response. "Don't be anxious; I'll come back as soon as ever I am better."

He rose and made his way towards the nearest entrance.

As he did so, I turned and looked after him.

"Is he ill?" I whispered to myself. "He does not look it. How anxious that poor girl is. Her hand is trembling even now."

When the man got as far as the entrance door he turned and looked at the girl, and for an instant his cat-like eyes gave me a second swift glance. Again I felt a sensation of dislike, but again the feeling quickly passed.

I wish to repeat here, that I think my judgment was a little in abeyance that evening. I felt more attracted than ever by my next-door neighbour, and yet I am certain, positively certain, that the feeling which actuated me was not wholly admiration.

The play went on, but the girl no longer looked through her opera-glasses. She sat listlessly back in her chair. Now and then she turned impatiently towards the door, and then, with a quick sigh, glanced at her programme, or used her large feather fan with unnecessary force.

The minutes went on, but the old gentleman did not return. Once the girl half rose from her seat, pulling her opera-cloak about her as she did so; but then again she sat quietly back, with a sort of enforced calm.

I was careful not to appear to watch her, but once her eyes met mine, and the unspeakable anxiety in them forced me, involuntarily, to bend forward and make my first remark to her.

"Can I do anything for you?" I whispered. "Are you anxious about your companion?"

"Oh, thank you," she replied, with a long-drawn sigh. "The gentleman is my father. I am very anxious about him. I fear he is ill."

"Would you like me to go and see why he has not returned?" I asked.

"If you would be so kind," she answered, eagerly.

I rose, and went out into the lobbies. I went quickly to the gentlemen's cloak-room, and put some questions to the attendant.

"Is there an elderly gentleman here?" I asked — "tall, with white hair and a somewhat dark complexion. He left the theatre half an hour ago, and his daughter is afraid that he has been taken ill."

The man who had charge of the room knew nothing about him, but another attendant who was standing near suddenly remarked: —

"I think I know the gentleman you mean. He is not ill."

"How can you tell?" I replied.

"Well, about half an hour ago a man answering exactly to your description came out of the theatre. He came from the dress circle. He asked for a cigar, and lighted it. I lost sight of him immediately afterwards, but I think he went out."

I returned to give this information to the anxious girl. To my surprise it did not at all comfort her.

"He must be ill," she replied. "He would not leave me alone if he were not ill. I noticed that an attack was coming on. He is subject to attacks of a serious character. They are of the nature of fits, and they are dangerous, very dangerous."

"If he were ill," I replied, "he would have sent you word in here, and have got you to

go to him. He may merely have gone out to get a little air, which relieves him."

"I do not know. Perhaps," she replied.

"And when he is at home," I continued, "if he really has gone home without you, he will naturally send at once for a doctor."

She shook her head when I made this last remark.

"My father will never see a doctor," she said; "he hates the medical profession. He does not believe in doctors. He has such a prejudice against them, that he would rather die than consult one."

"That is a pity," I answered, "for in cases like his, I have no doubt that there is much alleviation to be obtained from men who really understand the science of medicine."

She looked fixedly at me when I said this. Her face was quite piteous in its anxiety. I could see that she was very young, but her features looked small and drawn now, and her eyes almost too large for her little face.

"I am very anxious," she said, with a sigh.

"My father is the only relation I possess; I am his only child. He is ill—I know he is very ill. I am most anxious."

She pulled her opera-cloak once more tightly about her, and looked with lack-lustre eyes on the stage. Our conversation had been so low that no one had been disturbed by it; we were obliged to keep our heads close together as we conversed, and once, I am sure, her golden hair must have touched my cheek.

"I cannot stand this any longer," she exclaimed, suddenly. "I must go out—I won't wait for the end of the play."

She rose as she spoke, and I followed her,



"IS THERE AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN HERE?" I ASKED.

as a matter of course. We found the lobbies almost deserted, and here I suddenly faced her and tried to use argument.

"You are unnecessarily sensitive and alarmed," I said. "I assure you that I speak with knowledge, as I am a member of the medical profession, against which your father has such a prejudice. A man as ill as you describe your father to be would not stop to light a cigar. I took the liberty of having a good look at your father when he was leaving the theatre, and he did not appear ill. A medical man sees tokens of illness before anyone else. Please rest assured that there is nothing much the matter."

"Do you think," she answered, flashing an angry glance at me, "that if there is nothing the matter, my father would leave me here alone? Do you think he cares so little about me that he would not return to take me home?"

I had no reply to make to this. Of course, it was scarcely likely that any father would leave so beautiful a young girl unprotected in a theatre at night.

"And," she continued, "how do you know that the gentleman who asked for a cigar was my father? There may have been somebody else here with white hair."

I felt convinced that the man who lit a cigar and the father of this young girl were identical, but again I had no answer to make.

"I must go home," she said. "I am terribly anxious—my father may be dead when I get home—he may not have gone home at all. Oh, what shall I do? He is all the world to me; if he dies, I shall die or go mad."

"I am sure your fears are exaggerated," I began, "but perhaps the best thing you can do is to go home. Have you a carriage—shall I see if it has arrived?"

"My father and I have a private hansom," she answered. "It may not have come yet, but perhaps it has. I will go with you, if you will allow me. You wouldn't recognise the hansom."

"Then take my arm," I said.

I led her downstairs. I am not impressionable, but the feel of her little fingers on my coat-sleeve was, to say the least of it, sympathetic. I earnestly wished to help her, and her exaggerated fears did not seem unnatural to me.

The private hansom was waiting just round the corner. It had arrived on the scene in good time, for the play would not be over for nearly another hour. I helped the young lady in. She was trembling very much, and her face, lit up by the gaslight, looked pale.

"Would you like me to see you home?" I asked. "I will, with pleasure."

"Oh, if you would be so kind!" she answered. "And did not you say that you are a medical man? If my father is ill, it might be possible for you to prescribe for him."

"He will not allow it, I fear," I answered. "You say he has no faith in doctors."

"No more he has, but when he gets these strange, these terrible seizures, he is often unconscious for a long, long time. Oh, do please see me home, Dr.—"

"Halifax," I answered.

"Thank you, so much. My name is Whitby—Leonora Whitby. Please, Dr. Halifax, come home with me, and prescribe for my father if you possibly can."

"I will come with you with pleasure," I answered. I stepped into the hansom as I spoke.

She made way for me to seat myself by her side. The sweep of her long black lace dress fell partly over my legs. The hansom driver opened the little window in the roof for directions.

"What address am I to give?" I said to Leonora Whitby.

"Tell him to go back," she answered, quickly.

"Go back," I shouted to the man.

He slapped down the little window and we started forward at a brisk pace. It was not until long afterwards that I remembered that I was going away with a strange girl, to a place I knew nothing about, the address even of which was unknown to me.

It was a splendid starlight night; the air was very balmy. It blew into our faces as we travelled westward. First of all we dashed down Piccadilly. We passed Hyde Park Corner, and turned in the direction of those innumerable squares and fashionable houses which lie west of St. George's Hospital. Leonora talked as we drove together. She seemed to be almost in good spirits. Once she said to me very earnestly:

"I do not know how to thank you. It is impossible for me to tell you how deeply indebted I am to you."

"Don't mention it," I answered.

"But I must," she replied. "I cannot be merely conventional, when I am treated so unconventionally. Another man would not have noticed a girl's anxiety, nor a girl's distress. Another man would not have lost half the play to help an anxious girl. Another man would not have put complete faith in a stranger as you have done, Dr. Halifax."

"I do not know that I have done anything more than a man in my profession ought to be ready to do at all times," I answered. "You know, or perhaps you do not know, that a doctor who really loves his profession puts it before everything else. Whenever it calls him, he is bound to go. You have asked me to visit a sick man with you—how is it possible for me to refuse?"

"You are the first doctor who has ever come to our house," she answered.

A great blaze of gaslight from a large central lamp fell on her face as she spoke. I could not help remarking its pallor. Her eyes were full of trouble. Her lips were tremulous.

"You are the first doctor who has ever come to our house," she repeated. "I almost wish I had not asked you to come."

"Why so? Do you think your father will resent my visit—that he will regard it as an intrusion?"

"Oh, it isn't that," she answered. Then she seemed to pull herself together as with a great effort.

"You are coming, and there's an end of it," she said; "well, I shall always be grateful to you for your kindness."

"I hope I may be able to assist your father."

When I said this her face grew brighter.

"I am sure you will," she said, eagerly. "You look clever. The moment I saw your face, I knew you were clever. The moment I looked at your hands, I saw capabilities in them. You have got the hands of a good surgeon."

"What can you know about it?" I answered, with a laugh.

"Oh," she said, with an answering laugh, "there are few things I do not know something about. You would be an encyclopaedia of all kinds of strange knowledge if you led my life."



"GO BACK, I SHOUTED."

"Well," I said, "I, of course, know nothing about you, but will you answer one pardonable question? Where are we going? I do not quite recognise this part of town, and yet I have lived in London the greater part of my days. Are we going east, west, north, or south? I have lost my bearings. What is your address?"

"We are going west," she replied, in a perfectly cold, calm voice. Then, before I could interrupt her, she pushed her long feather

fan through the window.

"Take the short cut, Andrews," she called to the driver. "Don't go the round. We are in a great hurry; take the short cut."

"Yes, miss," he shouted back to her.

We were driving down a fairly broad thoroughfare at the time, but now we turned abruptly and entered the veriest slums I had ever seen. Shouting children, drunken men and women filled the streets. A bad smell rose on the night air.

Was it possible that this beautiful, refined-looking girl lived in so repulsive a neighbourhood? But no, it was only as she expressed it, a short cut. The horse was a fleet one, and we soon found ourselves in a lonely and deserted square. We pulled up at a house which had not a light showing anywhere. I got out first and helped Miss Whitby to descend from the hansom.

"Will you kindly inquire if your father has returned?" I asked her; "for if not, there does not seem much use in my coming in."

"Oh! come in, in any case for a moment," she answered, in a cheerful tone. "I can see that the servants have all gone to bed, so

I must let myself in with this latch-key, but I shall find out in a moment if father has returned. Just come in and wait in the hall until I find out."

She raised her beautiful face to mine as she spoke. Her opera-cloak fell away from her slim shoulders. One white slender hand was raised to push back a refractory lock of golden hair. There was a solitary gas lamp at the corner, and it lit up her willowy figure. I looked at her with a sense of admiration which I could scarcely disguise. We entered the house.

"By the way, can you tell me if there is a cab-stand anywhere near?" I asked, suddenly, "as when I have done with your father, I should like to hasten home, and I have not the least idea what part of the world I am in."

"West," she answered, "very much west. When you leave this house, all you have to do is to take the first turning on your right, and you will find a cab-stand. There are night cabs always on the stand, so it will be perfectly easy for you to get home whenever your duties here are ended."

We were now standing inside the house. The heavy hall door suddenly slammed behind us. We were in pitch darkness.

"What a worry the servants are," exclaimed Miss Whitby's voice. "I always desire them to leave matches and a candle on the hall table. They have neglected my orders. Do you mind staying for a moment in the dark, Dr. Halifax?"

"Not at all," I replied.

She rushed away. I heard her footsteps getting fainter and fainter as she ascended the stairs. She was evidently going to seek matches up several stories. I was alone in the strange house. Silent as the grave was the dark hall. I turned my head to see if any stray beams of gaslight were coming through the fan-light. I found that there was no fan-light. In short, the darkness was of the Egyptian order — it might be felt.

The moments passed. Miss Whitby was a long time coming back. As I stood and waited for her, the darkness seemed to me to become more than ever Egyptian.

I heard a faint sound beneath me. Where did it come from? Did the servants, who kept such early hours, sleep in the cellars? I sprang in the direction of the hall door.

Could I have found the lock I would certainly have opened it, if for no other reason than to let in a little light.

Fumble as I would, however, I could not discover any hasp, handle, or bolt. The next instant a glimmer of light from above streamed gratefully down, and I heard the swish of Leonora's evening dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons," she exclaimed, as she joined me. "What must you think of my leaving you so long in that dark, dismal hall? But the fact is, I could not resist the temptation of finding out whether my father had returned. He has; he is still



"I BEG A THOUSAND PARDONS," SHE EXCLAIMED."

in his bedroom. Now, will you come upstairs with me?"

She ran on in front, and I obediently followed. On the first landing we entered a sitting-room, which was gaily lighted with a couple of lamps covered with soft gold shades, and on the centre table of which a meal was spread

"Sit down for a moment," said Miss Whitby; "you must have some refreshment. What can I give you? I am always stupid about opening champagne bottles; but perhaps you can do it for yourself. This is *Jules Mumm*. If my father were here I am sure he would recommend it."

"I don't care for anything," I replied. "If your father is ill, I should like to see him. Have you told him that I am here?"

"No. Do you think I would dare? Did not I tell you how he hated doctors?"

"Then perhaps he is not ill enough to need one," I said, rising to my feet. "In that case I will wish you good evening."

"Now you are angry with me," said Miss Whitby; "I am sure I am not surprised, for I *have* taken a most unwarrantable liberty with you. But if you only would have patience! I want you to see him, of course, but we must manage it."

She sank down on a sofa, and pressed her hand to her brow. She was wonderfully beautiful. I can frankly state that I had never seen anyone so lovely before. A strange sensation of admiration mixed with repulsion came over me, as I stood by the hearth and watched her.

"Look here," I said, suddenly, "I have come to this house for the express purpose of seeing your father, who is supposed to be ill. If you do not take me to him immediately, I must say good-night."

She laughed when I said this.

"It's so easy to *say* good-night," she replied. Then, of a sudden, her manner changed. "Why do I tease you," she said, "when you have been more than kind to me? In truth, there never was a girl in all London who had less cause for laughter than I have now. There is one being in the world whom I love. My fears about my father have been verified, Dr. Halifax. He has just gone through one of those strange and terrible seizures. When he left the theatre I knew he would have it, for I am so well acquainted with the signs. I hoped we should have returned in time to see him in the unconscious stage. He has recovered consciousness, and I am a little anxious about the effect on him of your presence in the room. Of course, beyond anything, I want you to see him. But what do you advise me to do?"

Her manner was so impressive, and the sorrow on her young face so genuine, that once more I was the doctor, with all my professional instincts alive and strong.

"The best thing to do is this," I said. "You will take me to your father's room,

and introduce me quite quietly as Dr. Halifax. The chances are a hundred to one that when he sees the real doctor, his prejudices against the imaginary ones will melt into air. One thing at least I can promise—he shall not blame you."

Miss Whitby appeared to ponder over my advice for a moment.

"All right," she said, suddenly. "What you suggest is a risk, but it is perhaps the best thing to do. We will go upstairs at once. Will you follow me?"

The house was well furnished, but very dark. There was a strange and unusual absence of gas. Miss Whitby held a lighted candle in her hand as she flitted upstairs.

We paused on the next landing. She turned abruptly to her right, and we entered a room which must have been over the sitting-room where the supper was laid. This room was large and lofty. It was furnished in the old-fashioned style. The four-post bedstead was made of dark mahogany. The wardrobe and chairs were of the same. When we entered the room was in darkness, and the little flicker of the candle did not do much to light it up.

Leonora laid it down on a table, and walked directly up to the bed. A man was lying there stretched out flat with his arms to his sides. He was in evening dress, and it did not take me an instant to recognise him as the old man who had accompanied the girl to the theatre. His eyes were shut now, and he looked strikingly handsome. His whole face was so pale, that it might have been cut in marble. He did not move an eyelid nor stir a finger when I approached and bent over him.

"Father," said Miss Whitby.

He made her no answer.

"He is unconscious again—he is worse," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and looking at me with terror.

"No, no," I answered. "There is nothing to be alarmed about."

I said this in confidence, for I had taken hold of my patient's wrist, and found that the pulse was full and steady. I bent a little closer over the man, and it instantly flashed through my mind with a sensation of amazement that his unconscious condition was only feigned.

I remembered again the sinister expression of his eyes as he left the theatre, and the thought which flashed then through my brain returned to me.

"He does not look ill."

I put his hand back on the bed, but not too quietly, and asking Miss Whitby to bring

the candle near, deliberately lifted first one eye-lid and then the other. If the man were feigning unconsciousness he did it well. The eyes had a glassy, fixed appearance, but when I passed the candle backwards and forwards across the pupils, they acted naturally. Raising an eye-lid I pressed the tip of one finger on the eye-ball. He flinched then—it was enough.

“Dr. Halifax—I have been asked to prescribe for you by your daughter.”

“You sat near us at the Criterion?”

“I did.”

“Did my daughter ask you to come home with her?”

“Not exactly—I offered to do so—she seemed in distress about you.”

“Poor Leonora,” he said—and then he glanced towards the door.

“Did she tell you that I place no faith in your profession?” he asked again, after a pause.

“She did, and that being the case, now that you are really better, I will leave you.”

“No, don’t do so. As you have come in one sense uninvited, I will put you to the test—you shall prescribe for me.”

“Willingly,” I replied; “and now, as it is necessary for a doctor and his patient to clearly understand each other, I may as well tell you at once that, the moment I saw you, I knew that you were not unconscious.”

“You are right, I was perfectly conscious.”

“Why did you feign to be otherwise?” I asked.

“For Leonora’s sake, and—my God, I cannot stand this any longer!” He started upright, then fell back with a groan.

“Lock the door,” he said; “don’t let her in. I am in agony, in frightful agony. I suffer from *angina pectoris*.”

“Leonora knows nothing of this,” he gasped. “I conceal it from her. I let her imagine that I suffer from a sort of epileptic fit. Nothing of the kind. This hell fire visits me, and I keep it from Leonora. Now that you have come, give me something, quick, quick!”

“I would, if I had the necessary remedy by me,” I replied. “If you will allow me, I will write a prescription for your servant. I can get what is necessary at the nearest chemist’s. If you prefer it, I will go myself to fetch what is required.”

“No, no—stay—not in this room, but



“I PRESSED THE TIP OF ONE FINGER ON THE EYE-BALL.”

“There is no immediate cause for anxiety,” I said, aloud. “I will prepare a medicine for your father. When he has had a good sleep he will be much as usual. Have you anyone who will go to the nearest chemist’s?”

“I will go, if necessary,” she replied. “The servants have gone to bed.”

“Surely one of them could be awakened,” I answered. “In a case of this kind, you must not be too regardful of their comforts. I will sit with Mr. Whitby, while you run and rouse one of your servants.”

“Very well,” she said, after a pause; “I will do so.”

“Won’t you take the candle?” I asked.

“No,” she replied, “I can find my way in the dark.”

She left the room, closing the door behind her.

The moment she had done so, the patient on the bed moved, opened his eyes, and sat up. He looked full at me.

“May I ask your name?” he inquired.

downstairs. Leonora will take your message. I hear her now at the door. Let her in—keep your own counsel. Do not betray me."

"I can let her in, in a moment," I answered; "but first let me say that I think you are doing very wrong. Miss Whitby has, I am convinced, presence of mind and strength of character. She would bear to know the true state of things. Sooner or later she must find out. If you give me permission, I will tell her. It is best for me to tell her."

"What I suffer from will kill me in the end, will it not?" inquired Whitby.

"What you suffer from, I need not tell you, is a serious malady. I have not, of course, gone carefully into your case, and it is impossible to do so until the paroxysm of pain is over. In the meantime, trinitrin will give you immediate relief."

"Let me in, please," called Leonora's voice through the keyhole.

"In one moment," I answered. Then I turned to the sick man.

"Shall I tell your daughter, Mr. Whitby? She must have heard us talking. She will know that you have at least returned to consciousness."

"You can tell her that I am in some pain," he replied, "that I have recovered consciousness, and that you are going to administer trinitrin; now go. Promise me that you will reveal nothing further to-night."

He groaned as he spoke, clutched the bed-clothes, and writhed in agony.

"I will promise to do as you wish," I said, pity in my tone.

I unlocked the door, and stood before Miss Whitby.

"My father is better; he has recovered consciousness," she exclaimed at once.

"He wishes to be alone and quiet," I replied. "Darkness will be good for him. We will take the candle and go downstairs."

I lifted it from the table as I spoke, and we descended together to the sitting-room.

"Is your servant coming for the message?" I inquired.

"Yes," she answered. "He will be dressed in a moment."

"Then, if you will give me a sheet of paper and a pen and ink, I will write my prescription," I said.

She fetched me some paper at once; a pen and ink, and a blotting-pad.

"Write," she said. "After you have written your prescription, and the servant has gone to fetch the medicine, you must tell me the truth."

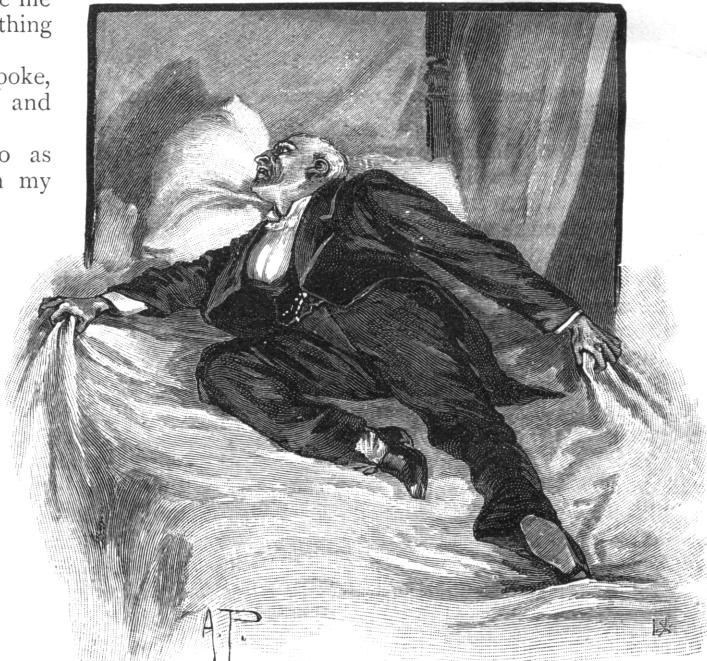
I made no reply at all to this. I wrote for a certain preparation (trinitrin) and a hypodermic syringe. I handed the paper to Miss Whitby. She stood for a moment with it in her hand, then she left the room.

"The servant is a long time coming down," she said when she returned. "How slow, how unsympathetic servants are, and yet we are good to ours. We treat them with vast and exceptional consideration."

"You certainly do," I replied. "There are few houses of this kind where all the servants go to bed when their master and mistress happen to be out. There are few houses where the servants retire to rest when the master happens to be dangerously ill."

"Oh, not dangerously, don't say that," she answered.

"I may be wrong to apply the word 'dangerous' just now," I replied; "but in any case, it



"HE WRITHED IN AGONY."

is important that your father should get relief as soon as possible. I wish you would let me go to the chemist myself."

"No, the servant is coming," she answered.

Heavy footsteps were heard descending the stairs, and I saw through the partly open door the outline of a man's figure. Leonora gave him the paper, with directions to hurry, and he went downstairs.

"Now, that is better," she said, returning to the room. "While we wait you will eat something, will you not?"

"No, thank you," I replied.

The food on the table was appetizing. There were piles of fresh sandwiches, a lobster salad, and other dainties; but something in the air of the place, something in the desolation of the dark house, for this was the only well-lighted room, something in the forlorn attitude of the young girl who stood before me, suspense in her eyes, anxiety round her lips, took away the faintest desire to eat.

If what the man upstairs said was true, his tortures must be fiendish. Leonora asked me again to eat—again I refused.

"Will you open one of those bottles of champagne?" she said, suddenly. "I am faint, I must have a glass."

I did her bidding, of course. She drank off about half a glass of the sparkling wine, and then turned to me with a little additional colour.

"You are a good man," she said, suddenly. "I am sorry that we have so troubled you."

"That is nothing," I replied, "if I can be of benefit to your father. I should like to come here to-morrow and go carefully into his case."

"And then you will tell me the truth, which you are concealing now?" she answered.

"If he gives me permission," I replied.

"Oh, I knew there was something which he would not tell," she retorted; "he tries to deceive me. Won't you sit down? You must be tired standing."

I seated myself on the first chair, and looked round the room.

"This is a queer, old-fashioned sort of place," I said. "Have you lived here long?"

"Since my birth," she answered. "I am seventeen. I have lived here for seventeen years. Dr. Halifax?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Do you mind my leaving you alone? I feel so restless, impatient, and nervous; I will go to my father until the messenger returns."

"Certainly," I replied; "and if he gets

worse call to me, and I will come to you immediately; he ought not to be left long alone. I am anxious to give him relief as speedily as possible. This injection of trinitrin will immediately do so. I hope your messenger will soon return from the chemist's."

"He will be back presently. The chemist we employ happens to live at a little distance. I will go upstairs now."

"Very well," I replied, "make use of me when you want me."

She smiled, gave me a long glance with an expression on her face which I could not fathom, and softly closed the door behind her. It was a padded door, and made no sound as it closed.

I sat down in an easy chair; a very comfortable one, with a deep seat. I shut my eyes, for I was really beginning to feel tired, and the hour was now past midnight. I sincerely hoped the servant would soon return with the medicine. I was interested in my strange patient, and anxious to put him out of his worst tortures as soon as possible. I saw, as in a picture, the relief which would sweep over Leonora Whitby's face when she saw her father sink into a natural slumber.

She was evidently much attached to him, and yet he had treated her badly. His conduct in leaving her alone at the theatre, whatever his sufferings might have been, was scarcely what one would expect from a father to so young and lovely a girl. He had deliberately exposed his own child to the chances of insult. Why had he done this? Why, also, had he only feigned unconsciousness? How very unconventional, to say the least, was his mode of treating his child. He gave her to understand that he suffered from epileptic fits, whereas in reality his malady was *angina pectoris*.

Here I started and uttered a sudden loud exclamation.

"My God!" I said to myself. "The man cannot suffer from *angina pectoris*, his symptoms do not point to it. What is the matter with him? Did he feign the agony as well as the unconsciousness? He must have a monomania."

I could scarcely believe that this was possible. I felt almost certain that his tortures were not assumed. That writhing at least was natural, and that death-like pallor could scarcely be put on at will. The case began to interest me in the strangest way. I heartily wished the servant to return in order to see some more of my most peculiar patient.

After a time in my restlessness I began to pace up and down the room. It was large, lofty, and covered from ceiling to floor with book-cases, which were all filled with bright, neat-looking volumes. Books generally give a cheerful aspect, but, for some reason which I could not account for at the time, these did not.

I might look at one, however, to pass away the time, and I went up to a goodly edition of Dickens's works, intending to take down a volume of "Martin Chuzzlewit" to read. I put my hand on the book, and tried to draw it out of the case. To my amazement, I found that this book and all its companions were merely dummies. In short, the room which looked so full of the best literature, was empty of even one line of respectable print.

I sat down again in my chair. The supper on the table did not in the least tempt my appetite—the champagne could not allure me. There was a box of cigars lying temptingly near on the mantelpiece, but I was not disposed to smoke.

I made up my mind that, if the servant delayed his return much longer, I would open the door, call to Miss Whitby, tell her that I would go myself to the chemist's, and bring the medicine which was necessary for my patient's relief. I felt that movement was becoming indispensable to me, for the gloom of the house, the queerness of the whole of this adventure, were beginning at last to tell on my nerves.

Suddenly, as I sat back in the depths of the easy chair, I became conscious of a very queer and peculiar smell. I started to my feet in alarm, and rushing to the nearest window, tried to open it. I discovered that it was a solid frame from bottom to top, and was not meant to move. In short, it was a window which could not open. I tried the other with similar results. Meanwhile, the smell got worse—it rose to my head, and rendered me giddy.

What was the matter? Had I been entrapped into this place? Was my life in danger? Was there a fire in one of the rooms underneath? Yes, this was probably the

solution of the enigma—a room had caught fire in the old house, and Leonora Whitby and her father knew nothing of it. I felt a passing sense of relief as this idea occurred to me, and staggered rather than walked to the door. The smell which affected me resembled the smell of fire, and yet there was a subtle difference. It was not caused by ordinary fire.

I reached the door and turned the handle. I was gasping for breath now, and felt that I had not a moment to lose in getting into purer air. I turned the ivory handle of the door frantically. It moved in my grasp—



"I STARTED TO MY FEET IN ALARM."

moved round and round, but did not open. In short, I was locked in—I was becoming asphyxiated. I felt my heart throbbing and my chest bound as by iron.

At this desperate instant I saw, to my relief, an unexpected sight. There was another door to the room. This door was evidently not meant to be noticed, for it was completely made up of the false books, and when shut could not be detected. I noticed it now, for it was slightly, very slightly, ajar. I rushed to it, flung it open, and entered another room. Then, indeed, my agony reached its climax. A man in evening dress was lying full length on the floor, absolutely

unconscious, and probably dead. I staggered towards him, and remembered nothing more.

I came to myself, I do not know when—I do not know how. I was in a hansom. I

The fumes of the charcoal were leaving me. I was vigorous and well—quite well, and with a keen memory of the past once again. I pushed my hand through the little window, and shouted to the driver to stop.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked. "How is it that I am here?"

He pulled up immediately, and drew his horse towards the pavement. The street was very quiet—it was a large thoroughfare—but the hour must have been nearly two in the morning.

"Where are you taking me?" I repeated.

"Home, sir, of course," replied the man. "I have your address, and it's all right. You sit quiet, sir."

"No, I won't, until you tell me where you are taking me," I answered. "How did I get into this hansom? You cannot drive me home, for you do not know my address."

"Ain't it St. John's Wood Avenue?" replied the man. "The gent, he said so. He gave me your card—Mr. George Cobb, 19, St. John's Wood Avenue."

"Nothing of the kind," I called back, in indignation. "My name is not Mr. George Cobb. Show me the card."

The man fumbled in his breast-pocket, and presently pushed a dirty piece of paste-board through the window. I thrust it into my pocket.

"And now tell me," I said, "how I got into this cab."

"Well, sir," he replied, after a brief moment of hesitation, "I am glad you're better—lor, it isn't anything to fret about—it happens to many and many a gent. You was dead drunk, and stretched on the pavement, sir, and an old gentleman with white 'air he come up and he looks at yer, and he shouts to me:—

"'Cabby,' says he, 'are you good for a job?'

"'Yes, sir,' I answers.

"'Well, then,' says he, 'you take this young gentleman 'ome. He's drunk, and ef the police see him, they'll lock him up—but ef you get down and give me a 'and, we'll get 'im into your 'ansom—and this is where he lives—at least, I suppose so, for this card was found on 'im.'

"'Right you air,' I says to the old gent, and between us we got you into the cab, and 'ere we are now a-driving back to St. John's Wood Avenue."

"Cabby, I have been the victim of the most awful plot, and—and," I continued,



"I STAGGERED TOWARDS HIM."

was being driven rapidly through streets which were now almost deserted, in some direction, I knew not where. I could not recall at first what had occurred, but memory quickly returned to me. I saw the face of the dead man as he lay stretched on the floor. I saw once again that dreadful room, with its false books, its mockery of supper, its mockery of comfort. Above all things, I smelt once again that most horrible, suffocating odour.

"Charcoal," I muttered to myself. "There must have been a charcoal furnace under the room. I was duped into that den. Leonora Whitby, beautiful as she appeared, was in league with her father to rob me and take my life; but how have I escaped? Where am I now—where am I going? How, in the name of all that is wonderful, have I got into this hansom?"

There was a brisk breeze blowing, and each moment my brain was becoming clearer.

feeling in my pockets excitedly, "I have been robbed—I only wonder I have not been murdered."

As I spoke I felt for my watch and chain—they had vanished. My valuable diamond ring, the motive, probably, of the whole horrible conspiracy, had been removed from my finger. My studs were gone, and what money I possessed—amounting, I am glad to say, to not more than £2 or £3—was no longer in my possession. The only wonder was why my life had been spared.

"Drive to the nearest police-station. I must give information without a moment's delay," I said to the cabman.

But that is the end of the adventure. Strange, incomprehensible as it may seem, from that day to this I have never solved the enigma of that dark house in that solitary square.

West, very far west, it lies, truly; so far that the police, whom I instantly put on the alert, could never from that day to now obtain the slightest clue to its whereabouts.

For aught that I can tell, Leonora Whitby and her father may be still pursuing their deadly work.

When I read in the papers of sudden and mysterious disappearances I invariably think of them, and wonder if the experiences of the victim who has vanished from all his familiar haunts have been anything like mine—if he has waited, as I waited, in that terrible lethal chamber, with its false books and its padded doors—if he has tasted the tortures of asphyxia and stared death in the face, but unlike me has never returned from the Vale of the Shadow.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

IX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE HOUSE OF LORDS. IN the closing weeks of the Session the House of Lords enjoyed the unaccustomed privilege of knowing that the eyes of the country were fixed upon it. At length, for a strictly limited time, the Lords have cut out the Commons. The period during which they have had the Home Rule Bill in charge has been brief compared with the long stretch of time during which they were as entirely ignored as if their existence had terminated. For weeks and months through the Session the House of Lords might easily, and more conveniently, have fulfilled all its legislative functions if it had met on the Monday and made holiday through the rest of the week.

For the large majority of noble lords, whether the House is sitting or not is a matter of small consequence. If they have time and inclination they may look in on the way to the Park or club, or they may forbear. They have no responsibilities to meet, no constituencies jealously counting the number of divisions from which they are absent. Indeed, there are very few divisions to take part in. When such an event occurs the House of Lords is inclined, as Mr. Disraeli once irreverently wrote, to cackle with content as a hen that has laid an egg. Still, there are the Lord Chancellor, the Ministers, and one or two ex-Ministers, not to mention the exhausted officials, who must needs be in their places if a sitting be appointed, and who would welcome an arrangement that would relieve them from an engagement that has not the value of utility to recommend it. Often it has come to pass that the Lord Chancellor in wig and gown, accompanied by Purse-bearer and Mace, with Black Rod on guard

at the Bar, has marched to the Woolsack, and having advanced a group of private Bills a formal stage, has marched back again, and so the House was "up."

It would, however, never do to admit by adoption of such an arrangement as that suggested, that the country could get along without the House of Lords. Therefore it will sit, though it has no work to do. A few years ago, when things were particularly dull, it suddenly resolved that it would meet an hour earlier than heretofore, so as to be the better able to grapple with accumulation of work. Lord Sherbrooke, a new recruit to the Chamber, was so tickled with this, that he dropped into verse, which appeared anonymously in the *Daily News* :—

As long as their lordships assembled at five,
They found they had nothing to keep them alive ;
By wasting more time they expect to do more,
So determine to meet at a quarter-past four.



LORD HERSCHELL.

It was explained at the time that the new arrangement was made with a view to giving an opportunity to the younger peers to take part in debate. It is only in rare and exceptional circumstances that noble lords will sacrifice their dinner on the altar of the State. It ordinarily requires a cry of either

the Church or the Land in danger to keep them sitting after eight o'clock. Complaint was made that, meeting at five o'clock, nearly the whole of the time up to the adjournment was occupied by the front benches, or the Duke of Argyll. It was said if the House met an hour earlier young fellows like Lord Denman might have the chance of showing what metal they are made of. No notable change has been wrought in that direction consequent upon the new departure.

Noble lords accustomed to speak before speak now with fuller frequency and more certain regularity. Failing that, their lordships get off to dinner an hour earlier.

A HOUSE OF COMMONS' SECRET. There are many reasons why the House of Lords is not a successful school of oratory.

The first and not least important is that it is an exceedingly difficult place in which to make oneself heard. When the new Houses of Parliament were opened, the Peers' Chamber was found to have in this respect a rival in the House of Commons. In the

Commons then, as in the Lords now, the average human voice lost itself amidst the immensities of the roof. The Lords continue to suffer the inconvenience of lack of acoustical properties in their Chamber. In the Commons, where business really must be done, and is conducted *vivā voce*, it was necessary to have a Chamber in which one man could hear another speak. After many devices and experiments the roof was lowered by a contrivance of glass, which served a double debt to pay. Through these sheets of glass falls the brilliant light that illuminates the House of Commons, whilst it incloses a space by which the plan of ventilation is made practicable.

Few members looking up at the glass roof, the unique and now most familiar adjunct of the House of Commons, are aware that it is an after-thought, and that it conceals a roof not less lofty or ornate than that in the House of Lords. The result has been to make the House of Commons one of the most perfect Chambers in the world for public speaking, the House of Lords remaining one of the worst.

PEERS WHO MAKE THEM-SELVES HEARD. Whilst for the average member the House of Lords is a sepulchre of speech, it is a curious fact that, as far as I know, without exception, every man whom the House and the country desire to hear makes himself audible even in the Lords. When Mr. Disraeli left the Commons, there was much curiosity to learn whether Lord Beaconsfield could make himself heard amid his new surroundings. He succeeded, apparently, without an effort, being heard in



LORD DENMAN.

the Lords quite as well as he had been accustomed to make himself audible in the Commons. Earl Granville was heard in the Press Gallery, but only by dint of patient and painstaking endeavour. He literally "spoke to the Gallery," more especially when, as a Minister, he had anything important to communicate. At such times, unceremoniously turning his back on the Lord Chancellor seated on the Wool-sack, he faced the Press Gallery and spoke up to it.

Lord Salisbury, with more sonorous voice, to this day observes the same attitude, standing sideways at the table

and addressing the Gallery. This is his habit when making ordered speech. When he flings across the House some barbed arrow of wit, he leans both hands on the table, and personally addresses the peer who is, for the time, his target. Even then, happily, he is heard, and the strangers in the Gallery may share the delight of the peers at the brilliant coruscations that play across the table. When Lord Granville was still alive there was nothing more delightful than the occasional encounters between himself and Lord Salisbury. The Conservative Chief has plainly suffered by the withdrawal of this incentive to playful sarcasm. Lord Kimberley, with many admirable qualities, is not the kind of man to inspire liveliness in a political opponent. Compared with the effect noticeable



LORD SALISBURY.

in the case of Lord Granville, the Earl of Kimberley in his influence upon Lord Salisbury acts the part of a wet blanket.

Happily Lord Granville has left **LORD** behind him an inheritor of much **ROSEBERY**, of his personal and oratorical charm, one, moreover, who has an equally happy effect in influencing Lord Salisbury. If the House of Lords were the House of Commons, and circumstances analogous to those taking place within the last two years had followed, Lord Rosebery would, as a matter of course, have stepped into the shoes of Lord Granville. But the ways of the House of Lords are peculiarly its own; and Lord Kimberley leads it.



LORD KIMBERLEY.

Lord Rosebery's style, whether in the House or in after-dinner speech, is closely akin to Lord Granville's in respect of grace and delicacy of touch. Where difference is marked is possibly found in the particulars that Lord Granville's style was the more polished and Lord Rosebery's is the more vigorous. Lord Granville played around the victim of his gentle humour, almost apologetically pinking him with polished rapier. Lord Rosebery will do that sometimes; but, occasionally, as the late Lord Brabourne knew, he is capable of delivering a blow straight from the shoulder on the visage of a deserving object. His oratorical style may be described as English, benefiting by application of French polish. Lord Granville's was French, with substratum of what we are pleased to regard as British solidity.

Lord Rosebery is one of the few peers who make light of the ordinarily fatal effects

of the gilded chamber. He apparently makes no particular effort, but manages to fill every recess with the music of his voice. So does the Duke of Argyll, but he is



DUKE OF ARGYLL.

not without suspicion of uplifting his voice in unaristocratic shout. This is probably due to the fact that the MacCullum More, having all his life lived in association with the bagpipes, has unconsciously caught the attitude, and is apparently under sore temptation to take the strut, of the player. When he addresses the Lords he throws back his head, inflates his chest, and slightly extends his right foot, an attitude that only wants the accessory of the bagpipes to make it completely national.

The late Lord Chancellor and the present occupant of the Woolsack have, in common, the advantage of making themselves heard in the House. As for Lord Bramwell, he has a voice that would be heard in a storm at sea. Lord Ashbourne, who used to be thought a little loud-voiced for the delicate arrangement of the House of Commons, is quite at home in the House of Lords. The Marquis of Waterford is another peer who under peculiar circumstances may be listened to without painful effort. Owing to an accident in the hunting field the Marquis is disabled from standing, and has special permission to address the House seated. This he does with surprising vigour alike of voice and invective. Lord Dudley, one of the youngest peers, has excellent voice and delivery, the more fortunate in his case as he generally has something to say worth listening to. Lord Winchilsea and Nottingham is still another peer who commands the ear of the House.

There are probably other peers who possess natural gifts that cope with the difficulty that handicaps genius in the Lords; but no other names occur to me.

The general run of oratorical

DUMB effort may be illustrated by two SHOW. incidents that happened during the Session. One night in June

Lord Breadalbane, wearing the uniform of the Lord Steward, and carrying the wand of office, appeared at the table and stood there for some moments. As the House sat attentive it began to be suspected in the Press Gallery that he was saying something, in all probability reading a reply from the Queen to an address presented by the House. What it might be was not conveyed by any audible sentence. It was necessary to have some record in the report, and a message was sent down to the Clerk of the Table asking if he could inform the reporters what was the nature of the Lord Steward's business. The Clerk sent back word that he was always anxious to oblige, but the lamentable fact was that though Lord Breadalbane had been standing at the table at which he sat, he had not heard a word of his message.

That was possibly a calamity arising out of the natural modesty of an ingenuous young peer suddenly finding himself thrust into a position of prominence. The other case more precisely illustrates the chronic difficulty hinted at. In the course of a long debate in Committee on the Places of Worship (Sites) Bill, Lord Grimthorpe, standing on his legs for ten minutes, was understood to be moving an amendment. Lord Belper, in charge of the Bill, opposed the amendment in a speech almost as inaudible. Lord Halsbury, whose observations at least have the merit of being audible, protested that Lord Belper had not properly appreciated the arguments of Lord Grimthorpe. "I could not hear him," said Lord Belper. "I must confess, my lords," said the ex-Lord Chancellor, with his winning smile, "that I am not certain I myself correctly caught the drift of Lord Belper's remarks."

Happily for the welfare of the nation, this physical inability to follow the arguments of

a debate does not preclude noble lords from giving their opinion thereupon by their vote in the Lobby.

One result of the change in the BLACK hour of meeting sung by Lord ROD. Sherbrooke has been the abandonment of a practice which

led to occasional explosions. When the House of Lords began to meet at a quarter-past four, the House of Commons at that time not commencing public business till half-past four, it was possible, with an effort at agility, for Black Rod to reach the Commons, and summon them to a Royal Commission before questions had commenced. When the House of Commons advanced its time of meeting by an hour Black Rod inevitably arrived, in discharge of his mission, at a time when questions were in full swing.

It is a reminder of old times that Black Rod, coming about the Sovereign's business, brooks no delay. It is true that, when watchful scouts in the Commons' Lobby breathlessly bring news that "Black Rod's a-coming," the doorkeeper leaves his chair, darts within the open doors, shuts and bolts them, and calmly awaits the consequences. Black Rod, coming up and finding the door

thus unceremoniously closed in his face, raps

upon it thrice with his stick. The doorkeeper, cautious to the last, instead of unbolting the door, opens a little spy-hole cunningly built above the sturdy lock. With a start of surprise he finds Black Rod standing there, demanding entrance in the name of the Queen. Without more ado the doorkeeper unlocks and unbolts, and, hastening within the glass door of the House itself, stands at the Bar and at the top of his voice proclaims "Black Rod!"

The inconvenience of this sudden incursion and interruption has been felt for centuries. It might have gone on to the end of time

but for the accident that one afternoon the sudden cry "Black Rod!" broke in upon remarks Mr. Gladstone chanced to be making. There was under the ancient rules of the House no option to anyone. Black Rod must set forth for the Commons when he receives the word of command from the House of Lords. The doorkeeper,



LORD HALSBURY.

after peeping at him through the spy-hole, must straightway rush into the Commons and bellow "Black Rod!" The gentleman on his feet, be he Premier or private member, must forthwith resume his seat. The course of business is peremptorily interrupted, whilst Mr. Speaker, accompanied by the Mace and one forlorn member (usually the Home Secretary), trudges off to the Bar of the Lords to hear the Royal Assent given by Commission to a batch of Bills.

The chance interruption of Mr. Gladstone had the effect upon the procedure which is hopefully looked for in respect of railway management when a director has been maimed in a collision. Angry protests were made by loyal Radicals, and the Speaker undertook to communicate with the authorities in the other House with a view of devising means whereby inconvenience might be averted. The suggestion made to the Lords was that they should so arrange matters that Black Rod should appear on his picturesque but not particularly practical mission at a time when he would not interrupt the course of public business. An effort was made to carry out this suggestion, but, the hours clashing, it was found impossible. The consequence has been that occasionally a Saturday sitting has been found necessary for the purpose of going through the performance of giving the Royal Assent to Bills.

A ROYAL COMMIS-
SION. Whether Parliament might not, as Sir Walter Barttelot used to say, "go one step farther," and get rid of the anachronism of the Royal Commission is, I suppose, a question for which the time is not yet ripe. The assumption underlying the Constitution is that the Houses of Parlia-

ment, having agreed upon certain legislative measures, the Sovereign carefully considers them, and either gives consent or exercises the right of veto. In the good old days the King took an active part in the weekly, almost the daily, business of the House of Commons. Not only was the Session opened and closed by Majesty in person, but the

Royal Assent was given or withheld by the King's own hand. Now, with rare exceptions at the opening of a Session, the functions of the Sovereign are performed by Commissioners, the business degenerating into a formality which may be essential, but is certainly not dignified.

Several times in the course of a Session a Royal Commission sits. It consists of the Lord Chancellor and, usually, four other peers. They are dressed in the ermine-trimmed scarlet robes of a peer of Parliament, and are, as it is written in police-court reports, accommodated with a seat upon a bench set in front of the Woolsack. All

being in readiness, Black Rod is bidden to request the appearance at the Bar of the House of the faithful Commons. In the last days of the memorable Parliament of 1874 the delivery of this message raised what threatened to be a grave Constitutional question. General Knollys was Black Rod at the time, and the jealous ear of Sir George Bowyer had detected on his part a lapse into unwarranted imperiousness. Black Rod, having gained admittance to the House of Commons, in circumstances already described, approaches the table with

THE SPEAKER'S PROCESSION.



A ROYAL COMMISSION ; OR, CLOCKWORK FIGURES.



7el

measured step, thrice making obeisance to the Chair. Arrived at the table, he should say, "The presence of members of this honourable House is desired to hear the Lords Commissioners give their assent to certain Bills." Whether due to contempt for ordinary humanity born of daily contact with haughty nobles, or whether by pure accident, General Knollys had altered this formula, "requiring" instead of "desiring" the company of the Commons at the Bar of the House of Lords. Sir George Bowyer, a type extinct in the present Parliament, solemnly called the attention of the Speaker to the matter, and the next time Black Rod appeared all ears were cocked to catch his phrase.

General Knollys was at this time an elderly warrior, not too certain on his pins. Beneath his carefully cultured hauteur he nurtured a great terror of the House of Commons, which used to pretend fiercely to resent his entrances, and ironically cheered his painstaking exit backwards. This was his last mission to the Parliament of 1874. Its turbulent life was measured by a few gasps. When the Speaker obeyed the summons and stood at the Bar of the House of Lords to hear the prorogation read, all would be over. General Knollys might with impunity have flouted the moribund House, and avenged a long series of insults by rasping out the objectionable word "required." A swift retreat and a flight across the Lobby would have landed him in the sanctuary of his box in the House of Lords. The General was, happily, of a generous mind, and, meekly "desiring" the presence of members in the other House, what might have been an interesting scene passed off quietly.

When the Speaker, accompanied A SOLEMN by the Serjeant-at-Arms bearing FARCE. the Mace, and escorted by a number of members who rarely exceed a dozen, reaches the Bar of the House of Lords, the five cloaked figures on the bench before the Woolsack thrice uplift their cocked hats. This is designed as a salutation to the Speaker. Simultaneously the Clerk of Parliament, quitting his seat at the end of the table, advances midway adown its length. Halting, he produces a large document bearing many seals. This is the Royal Commission appointing "our trusted and well-beloved councillors" to act for the Sovereign in the matter of signifying Royal Assent to certain Bills. When the Clerk of Parliament comes upon a name in the catalogue of Commissioners, he stops, turns half to the

right and bows low to the red-cloaked figures on the bench. At this signal a hand appears from under the folds of one of the cloaks, and a cocked hat is uplifted. The process is repeated at the recital of each name, till the Royal Commissioners have been numbered off.



A ROYAL COMMISSIONER.

This formality completed, another clerk in wig and gown steps forth and takes a position on the left-hand side of the table facing the Lords Commissioners. He is known as the Clerk of the Crown, and it is his mission vocally to signify the Royal Assent. At this stage the performance becomes irresistibly comic. On the table by the Clerk of Parliament is a pile of documents. These are the Bills which have passed both Houses and now await the Royal Assent. Taking one in his hand, the clerk on the right-hand side of the table turns to face the cloaked figures, to whom he bows low. The clerk on the left-hand side of the table simultaneously performs a similar gesture. The two clerks then wheel about till they face each other across the table. The Clerk of Parliament reads the title of the Bill, the Clerk of the Crown responding, in sepulchral voice, "*La Reyn le veult.*" Both clerks wheel round to face the Lords Commissioners, to whom they again make a profound bow. Then they face about, the Clerk of Parliament takes up another document, reads out a fresh title, and the Clerk of the Crown, with deepening sadness as the moments pass, chants his melancholy refrain, "*La Reyn le veult.*"

Nothing more is said or done till the batch of Bills is exhausted and the clerks return to their seats. The cloaked figures

then raise their cocked hats to the Speaker, who gravely inclines his head and gets back to the work-a-day world, whose business has been interrupted in order that this lugubrious farce might be accomplished.

There is no harm in this, and as the Lords through the greater part of the Session have not much else to do, it would be unkind to make an end of it. But it would appear that it is scarcely the sort of thing on account of which the serious business of the nation, going forward in the House of Commons, should be rudely and peremptorily interrupted.

During a Session that has almost exclusively been given up to debate on the Home Rule

DILEMMA. to debate on the Home Rule Bill, the House of Commons has fully justified its reputation as the most entertaining theatre within the Metropolitan area. Amid a long series of exciting scenes and swift surprises, nothing exceeds in dramatic quality the episode when Mr. John Dillon "remembered Mitchelstown" nine months and four days before that historic event had happened. It was Mr. Chamberlain who played up to this scene, as he was personally responsible for many others that stirred the passions of the House to their deepest depths.

When the question of transferring the control of the police to the proposed Irish Legislature was under discussion, Mr. Chamberlain argued that the body of men who would probably form the majority in the new Legislature were not to be trusted with control of the liberty and property of the community. In support of this contention he cited a speech delivered by Mr. Dillon at Castle-re, in which the member for East Mayo was reported to have said that when the Irish Parliament was constituted, they would have the control of things in Ireland, and "would remember" the police, sheriffs, the bailiffs, and others who had shown themselves enemies of the people.

This effective attack was made in a crowded and excited House, that awaited with interest Mr. Dillon's rejoinder. It was made in immediately effective style. Mr. Dillon did not defend the threat cited, but urged that it had been uttered in circumstances of cruel

provocation. A short time earlier, the massacre at Mitchelstown had taken place. He had seen three innocent men shot down by the police in cold blood. "That recollection," he emphatically said, "was hot in my mind when I spoke at Castlerea."

For ten minutes longer Mr. Dillon went on. At the end of that time the House observed that Mr. Sexton, who sat next to his colleague, handed him a scrap of paper. That is by no means an unusual occurrence in debate in the House of Commons. A member having a case to state or reply to forgets a detail and has it brought to his mind by watchful friends. Mr. Dillon took the paper and closely read it, still slowly proceeding with the incompletely sentence on which he had embarked when the interruption presented itself. Members listened with quickened attention to what followed, curious to know what was the point overlooked, and now to be introduced into the speech. It was not readily discernible in the conclusion of the speech, which Mr. Dillon accomplished without sign of hesitation or perturbation.

Yet the scrap of THE SCRAP paper, unflinchingly read, conveyed one of the most terrible messages ever received by a prominent public man addressing the House of Commons. On it was written: "Your speech delivered 5th December, 1886. Mitchelstown affair, 9th September, 1887."

Mr. Dillon had suffered one of the most curious and, in the circumstances, most damaging lapses of memory that ever afflicted a man in the House of Commons. An English member might have done it with comparative impunity. It would have seemed strange and would, for a long time, have been hurtful to his reputation for accuracy. At least, his *bona-fides* would have remained unchallenged. There would have been no accusation of attempting to "palm off" a false statement on an unsuspecting House. With John Dillon the case was different. Looking across the floor of the House, he could see Mr. Chamberlain, his keen face lighted up, his hands on the corner of the bench ready to spring up the moment he resumed his



THE SCRAP OF PAPER.



MR. SEXTON.

seat. He knew now what had been the meaning of Mr. T. W. Russell's hasty rush from the House towards the Library, and his jubilant return with another scrap of paper. They had detected his blunder, and

he was able to estimate what measure of charitable construction it was likely to receive from that quarter.

He was still in possession of the House, and had the next turn of the game in his hands. How should he play it? Either he might at once admit his blunder, make such apology and explanation as was possible, and, at least, forestall the plainly contemplated action of Mr. Chamberlain: or he might go on to the end, take his beating at the hands of the jubilant enemy, and thereafter endeavour to put himself right with the House and the country.

As everyone knows, Mr. Dillon, rightly or wrongly regarded as a matter of tactics, adopted the latter plan. But decision had to be taken as he stood there, the scrap of paper scorching his hand, the necessity of continuing and connecting his sentences imperative, the crowded House looking on. It was about as bad a five minutes as ever fell to the lot of a man actually off the rack, and was gone through with marvellous self-possession.



T. W. RUSSELL'S RUSH.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



From a

AGE 20.

[Daguerreotype.

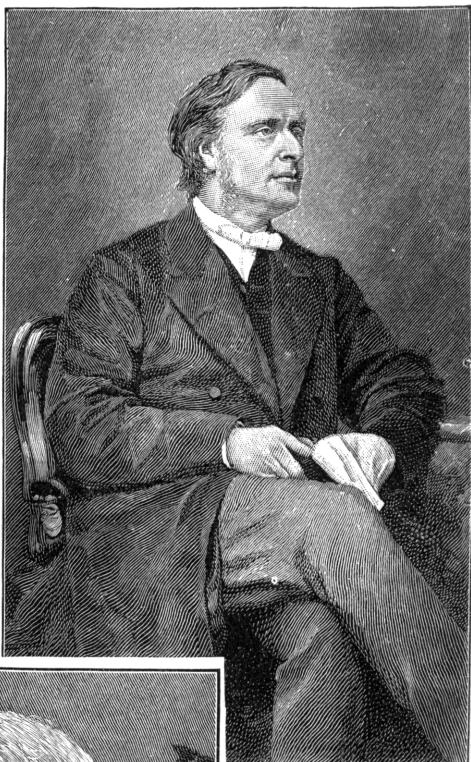
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BORN 1829.

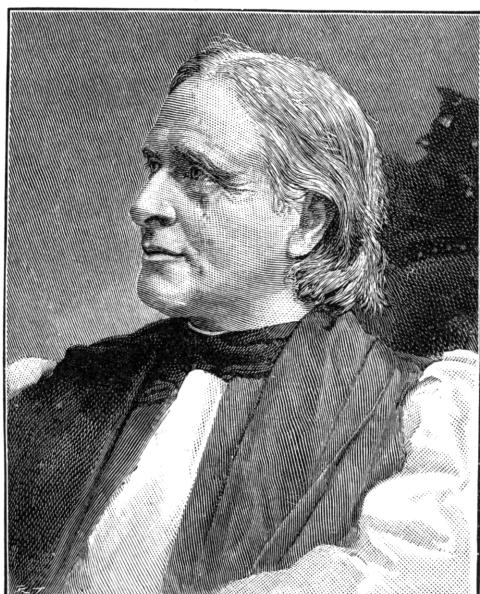
DHE MOST REV. EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury, born near Birmingham, and educated there and

at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became scholar and fellow, was for some years an assistant-master at Rugby, and was appointed first head-master of Wellington College in 1858, continuing to hold the position till 1872, when he became Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral. Towards the end of 1876, at the recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield, he was appointed to the newly-created Bishopric of Truro, where he displayed great energy of organization, and in collecting subscriptions for

the proposed new cathedral. In December, 1882, at Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury



From a AGE 40.
Photo. by Mayall,
Brighton.



From a Photo. by

PRESENT DAY.

[Elliott & Fry.

after the death of Dr. Tait. He has published several volumes of sermons preached in Wellington College and elsewhere. His ecclesiastical policy has been marked rather by energy of social reform and general conciliation than by controversial theology, the Archbishop being himself attached to the Liberal High-Church party.



From a

AGE 31.

[Drawing.]

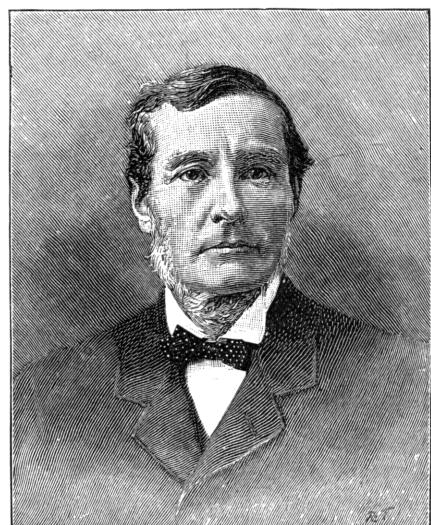


From the Painting by]

AGE 47.

[Sir John Millais, R.A.]

SIR HUGH LUPUS GROSVENOR, K.G., P.C., Duke of Westminster, who has the enviable reputation of being the richest man in England, was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford. At the age at which our first portrait shows him he was sitting as Liberal member for Chester, which he continued to do until, on the death of his father in 1869, he succeeded to the title of Marquis of Westminster, being five years later raised to the Dukedom. He married in 1852 Lady Constance Gertrude Leveson-Gower, youngest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, and to his eldest son, Earl Grosvenor, who was born a year later, the Queen in person stood sponsor. The Duke married for a second time, in 1882, the Hon. Katherine Caroline Cavendish, daughter of Lord Chesham. He was Master of the Horse from 1880 to 1885; is Lieut.-Colonel of the



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers; and also Supernumerary A.D.C. to the Volunteer Forces, with the rank of colonel. The house of Grosvenor is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and is stated to have flourished in Normandy for a century and a half before the Conquest, and to have held the high and powerful office in that principality of *Le Grovenour*. The founder of the English Grosvenors, Gilbert Le Grosvenor, came over in the train of William the Conqueror,



From a

AGE 6.

[Photograph.]

A. J. WEBBE.

BORN 1855.



R. A. J. WEBBE, the well-known Middlesex cricketer, was born in London, and educated at Harrow and Oxford. For three years, 1872 to 1874, he was conspicuous



From a Photo. by Hannah & Kent, Brighton.

AGE 10.

in the School Eleven, and in the latter year he scored 77 and 80 against Eton ; and in the University match, 1875, he made a catch that will never be forgotten by those who saw it.



From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Harrow.

AGE 18.

Mr. Webbe has played continuously for Middlesex, and his stubborn and watchful defence,



From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. [Barraud, London.]

and particularly strong power of cutting, have been of invaluable service to the county.



From a] AGE 20 MONTHS. [Daguerreotype.

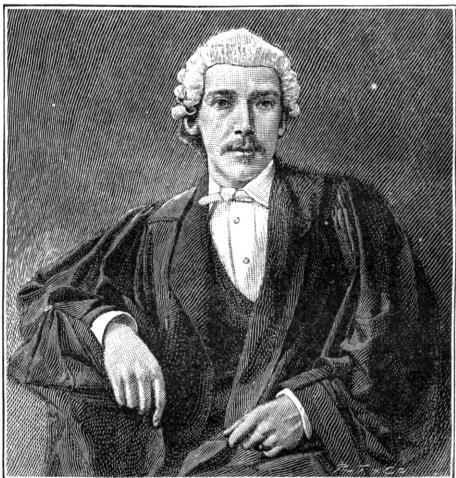
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BORN 1850.

NR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is the son of Mr. Thomas Stevenson, the celebrated lighthouse engineer, and was born at Edinburgh. The book which established his reputation was "Treasure Island," published in 1883. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," published in 1888, is perhaps his most popular work. Mr. Stevenson has taken up his residence in Samoa, and we



From a Photo. by] AGE 17. [Moffat, Edinburgh.

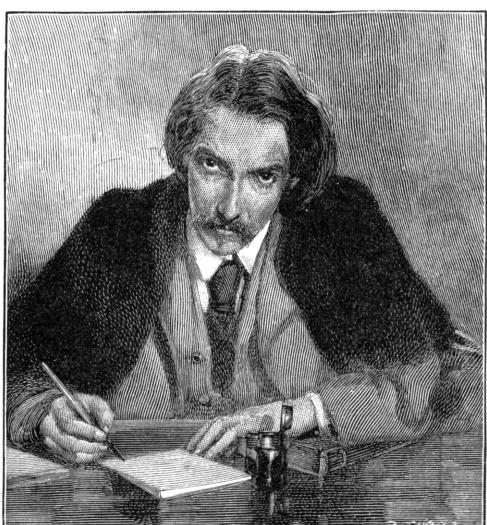


From a Photo. by] AGE 25. [Ayton, Edinburgh.

are enabled to give an illustration of the room in which he writes his delightful books.



From a Photo. by] AGE 7. [Ross, Edinburgh.



From a] AGE 35. [Photograph.

[Photograph.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON AND MRS. STEVENSON IN THE LIBRARY AT VAILIMA, UPSILU, SAMOAN ISLANDS.

PRESENT DAY.

From a





From a

AGE 7.

[Photograph.]

HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.
BORN 1850.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., sculptor, the son of distinguished sculptors, was born in London, and educated at Macclesfield Grammar School and University College School, London. He studied art at the Royal Academy School, and in the Elgin Room at the British Museum,



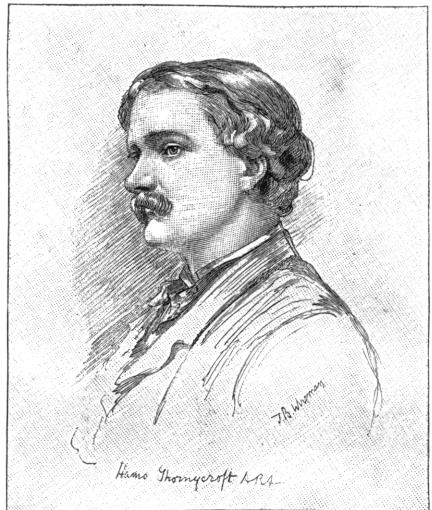
From a

AGE 16.

[Photograph.]

and in December, 1870, bore off the silver medal in the antique school. He first came before the public in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1871 with a bust of the late Dr. Sharpey, Professor of Physiology at University College. In the same year he visited Italy. During 1872 he was aiding his father on the Park Lane fountain. A bronze statuette of Lord Mayo was his most notable production in 1874. In the Academy of

1876 Mr. Thornycroft was well represented by "A Warrior Bearing a Wounded Youth from the Field of Battle," which had won the gold medal of the council in the previous year. In 1877 came the notable "Lot's Wife"; and "Stepping Stones," an early work, only then executed in marble in 1879. "Artemis," and a statuette, "A Youth Putting



From a Drawing by

AGE 33.

[Blake Wirgn a.]

the Stone" (1880), were fine examples of the imaginative side of art, and deservedly gained for their author the associateship of the Royal Academy in January, 1881. For a full account of Mr. Thornycroft's life and works we will refer the reader to the Illustrated Interview in the present number.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Maull & Fox.]

Illustrated Interviews.

XXVI.—MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.



T requires but little apology for once again resorting to the immediate neighbourhood of West Kensington. There is no thoroughfare in London more inviting to those in search of all that is interesting, all that is instructive, than the Melbury Road. To think of standing in a garden and being able to throw stones—carefully, of course—on to the green lawns of Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., Mr. Watts, R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., and Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., whilst, from the roof of this particular house, those gifted in aiming straight might pitch a pebble amongst the bushes belonging to Mr. Burgess, R.A., and Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A. I have before now referred to the love which the birds appear to have for this delightful neighbourhood. If there were any mystery at all as to why our feathered friends have singled out this spot, I have discovered the true solution. Hamo Thornycroft cares for them. He fed them on the summer morning I met him, and he will remember their wants in the days of winter. He knows them, and believes they know him, the result of giving them proper food and not only the stray bits, which sometimes make it convenient to be kind. Even "Corky," the cat, who is snoozing under the mulberry tree which its owner planted seventeen years ago, would not harm a feather of one of them.

And that is something to say for "Corky," for it is on record that she has leaped over Mr. Watts's wall and made for Marcus Stone's larder, and annexed a partridge, to say nothing of helping herself to Val Prinsep's pigeons!

The love which Hamo Thornycroft has for all things which Nature has given us was a gift to him on his very first birthday. This love tells with a man, and has moulded his ruling characteristics to what they are to-day. I have seldom met a man freer from what may be plainly written down as egotism than the eminent sculptor. Rapid success is frequently fraught with that which spoils those on whom it falls. But not so here. Of medium height, strong and well set, with fair, curly hair, and eyes that almost speak, he impresses one as a man who does not stay his kindness at the birds. He speaks very quietly and very quickly, and believes in hard work.

He is always in his studio at half-past eight, and has, before now, held on to his mallet until two the next morning. A man who puts in eighty hours a week—as he has done just before the Academy—is not afraid of work. But, then, his heart is in every block of marble he touches. His work, too, in the Academy Schools is by no means small, for it falls to the lot of Royal Academicians to devote two hours every evening for two months of the year to the Academy students. He finds recreation in divers ways. He



From a Photo. by

MR. THORNYCROFT.

[Elliott & Fry.]

is an expert amateur photographer ; he rows and cycles. Together with his wife he has practically made a grand tour of England, Scotland, and Wales ; whilst as a grouse shot he is thoroughly skilful.

" You shake hands like a sculptor," he said when I met him.

" Why ? " I asked.

" You grip. If a man carves it tends to strengthen the gripping muscles both in holding the chisel and hammer. I used to do a good deal of carving in my early days—a very essential thing for the sculptor, because it accustoms you to the possibilities of your material. Foley had a great grip when shaking hands. He had a hand of extraordinary size, and it is all the more remarkable when you remember how wonderfully complete his work always was, as witness his magnificent equestrian statue of Sir James Outram for India. I always quote that when committees try to hurry me with my work. Foley took seven years to complete it.

" Foley, by-the-bye, was a very bad shot. He was a great friend of my father's, and I well remember one day they were out shooting, when a very easy bird rose. Foley fired and—missed. He missed again—and at last the old pointer turned round, looked up at him with a positive look of disgust, and walked away. The very next bird that rose the dog had it and practically killed it with anger.

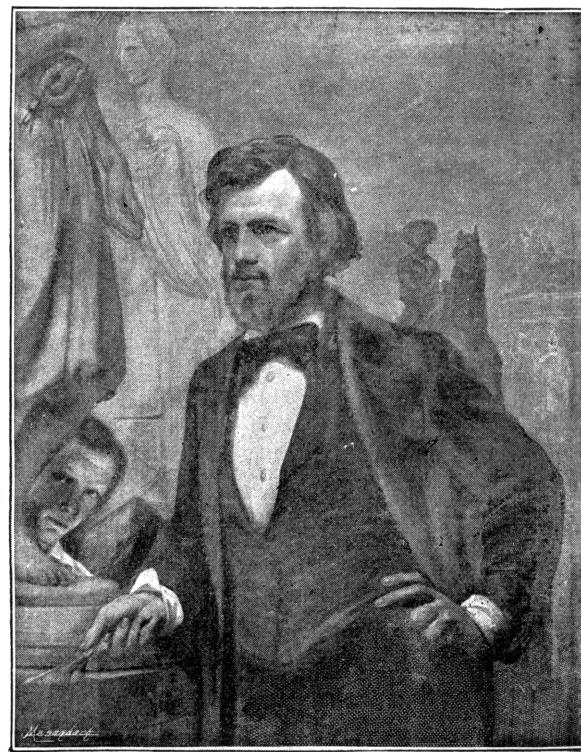
" Boehm had a nervous, delicate hand. My mother's hand, too, is very beautiful. Now, shall we walk through ? "

The house proper—unmistakably nineteenth century in its design, which was architected by John Belcher from plans by its owner—contains numberless tokens of the

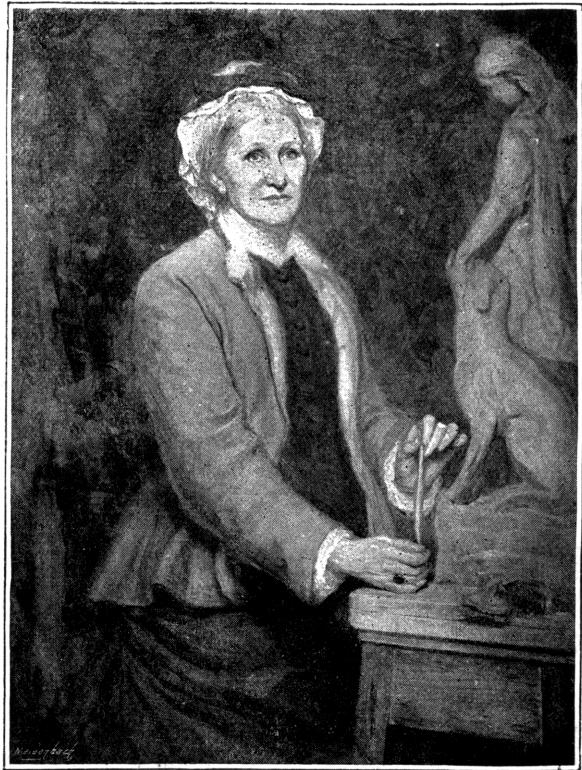
skill of the Thornycrofts as an artistic family both in the way of pictures and sculpture. The dining-room looks on to the Melbury Road. Here in a corner is the first bust executed by the Royal Academician. It is of his sister. Portraits of his grandfather, John Francis Thornycroft, and of his maternal grandmother are on either side of a canvas by John Cross of his father and eldest brother John, who is happily known as "Torpedo Thornycroft," owing to the success which has crowned his skill as a maker of torpedo boats. Mr. Thornycroft's father was an excellent engineer, and towards the end of his days practically forsook sculpture and spent most of his time with his son at his torpedo works at Chiswick. It is interesting to note that the skill of father and son was put into the

building of the first launch that actually kept up with the Varsity crews. The *Nautilus* was forty feet long, and was built in Mr. Thornycroft senior's studio in 1860.

A picture by T. B. Wirgman of the sculptor's mother hangs over the fire-place. She is painted in the act of modelling the Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) as a child, with her pet dog Rover by her side. Here, too, is a clever drawing of his paternal grandmother—a North Country woman, a great Puritan, and never tired of dilating upon the wickedness of sculpture, as it tended to be Popish ! A couple of drawings by Alfred Stevens—for whom their possessor has an intense admiration—are pointed out as being the work of a remarkable man whose drawings approached Raphael nearer than all his fellows. A Michael Angelo is also here, together with some striking photos of works



From the Painting] MR. THORNYCROFT'S FATHER. [by John Cross.



From the Painting] MR. THORNYCROFT'S MOTHER. [by T. B. Wirgman.

by Saint Gaudens, the great American sculptor, the only reminiscence of these particular subjects which were destroyed by fire at New York. The first sketch for "The Mower" is on the mantelpiece.

The hall is given up to many pictures by Miss Helen Thornycroft, a very brilliant painter of flowers in general and orchids in particular. A reminder of Mr. Thornycroft's old Volunteering days in the shape of a drawing by Wirgman is looked at: the Artists' Corps, indeed, for amongst the crowd may be singled out

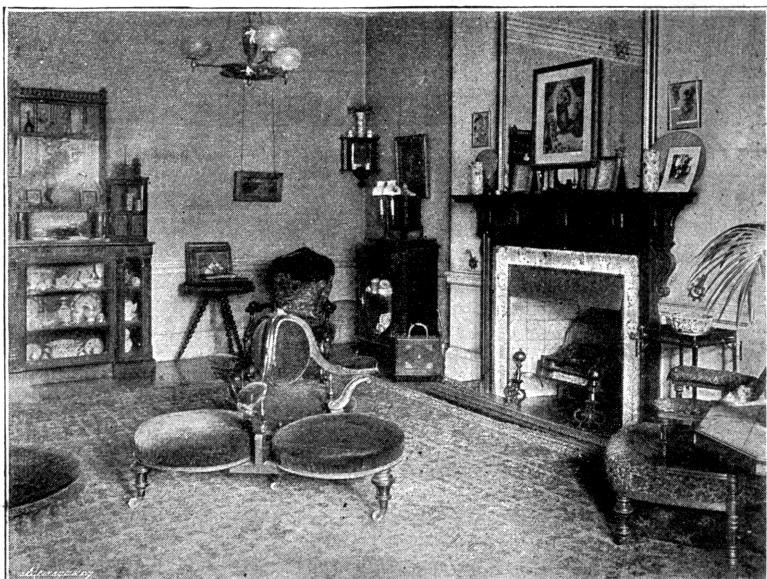
Vol vi—35.

Sir Frederick Leighton, Ouless, Forbes Robertson, Cotman, Val Prinsep, A. S. Coke, Stacy Marks, Brock, P. R. Morris, Hamo Thornycroft, and many more—the sight of which reminds Mr. Thornycroft that he and Sir Frederick had the biggest heads in the corps, and there was always a great difficulty in getting the regulation helmets to fit.

Every picture on the walls, every work of art scattered about in the drawing-room, has its own peculiar interest, but one is naturally drawn towards the family hearth. It is a remarkable hearth. Each tile bears the features of a member of the family. This is the handiwork of Miss Helen Thornycroft.

"That water-colour," said Mr. Thornycroft, "is by G. D. Leslie, and is somewhat interesting. We were up the Thames in my brother's launch one day, and a number of us started out into the country, to return in two hours with a sketch. Leslie's was voted the best, and he was good enough to give it to me. Leslie used to frequent the Thames very much for painting, and I remember seeing him rescue one of his pictures

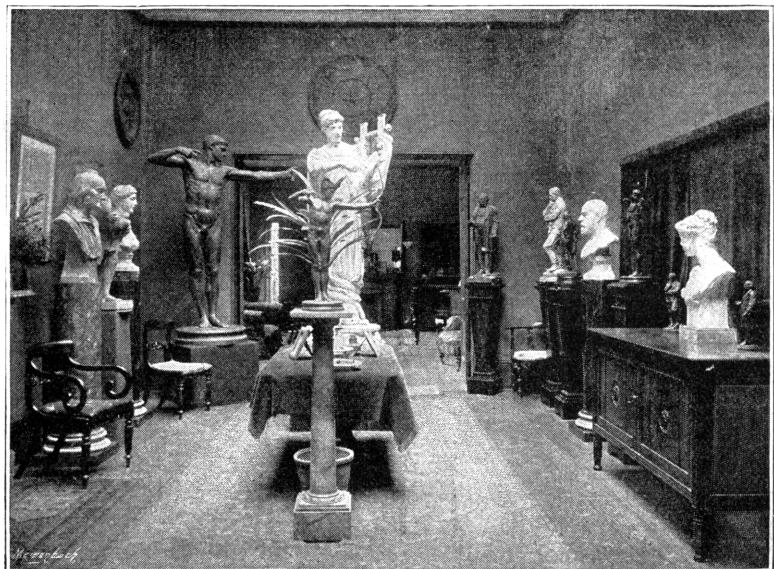
from going under a mill at great risk to himself. His jokes were as great as they were artistic."



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM,

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by

THE GALLERY.

[Elliott & Fry.

Then came the story of the murder on the Thames.

A lady used to pose to Leslie up the river. It seems that the moths ruined her dress, and Leslie suggested she should get into the water with her dress on, and, with the help of the boat-hook, have a good scour, with the view of getting rid of the dress-destroyers. The lady offered no objection. In she went. Some passers-by seeing the incident were alarmed, and shouted "Murder," and as the artist persisted in keeping the lady down with the boat-hook, some of the more practical onlookers rushed for a policeman. The constable arrived and shouted, but Leslie only hit her the more. A boat was rowed out; one man took off his coat and prepared to swim, but when the constable rescued from the water a lay-figure, Leslie most politely thanked him for his ready help, and the representative of the majesty of the law nearly fainted!

We entered the gallery.

This is a grand space given up to models of works executed either in marble or bronze, with one or two examples in marble complete. In a corner stands "Artemis," and opposite is "Lot's Wife," impressively still and cold. "The Teucer" looks dignified, and "A Warrior Carrying a Wounded Youth" is treasured, for it won its modeller the gold medal in his student days. "April," "Sir Arthur Cotton," "The Mower," "The Sower," "John Bright," "General Gordon," "Medea," "Putting the Stone," and the

late Professor Owen are all here.

We stood before each one, and each suggested its story.

"Artemis," said the sculptor, "was a fortunate statue for me. I had a most excellent model, an Italian girl whose grace was perfect, one of the best models I have ever had. She was not as romantic, though, as the being she posed for, for she married an itinerant vendor of ice cream. You notice the hound. I was at my wits' end

where to get the dog I wanted. Early one morning my sister was out, when she saw a wiry-haired greyhound being chased by boys. She took it under her protection and brought it home. That is the dog in the statue. I kept it, and curiously enough it died the very day the statue was completed. It lies buried in the garden. 'Lot's Wife' was, I think, the first large statue exhibited in the Royal Academy. This is the original. It was suggested to me by seeing a huge straight boulder standing alone and weird on a sea-shore early one morning. 'The Teucer' was modelled from three men. The figure proper was from an Italian, the arms were from a man in the studio, and the head is that of a gipsy I found. The Italian looked a shambling fellow with his clothes on, but, when undressed—well, I have seldom seen a finer physique."

The "Warrior and Youth" brought back pleasant recollections. It reminded its creator of his early student days—the little supper party which always comes with the award of the gold medal—the students' meal originally inaugurated by Flaxman one night in expectation of his winning the much-coveted award. He didn't get it, but he gave the supper just the same! And Mr. Thornycroft remembered how he could not get on his legs to make the customary speech, and how Henry Stacy Marks—an old student—helped him out of his dilemma, and spoke out with all his heart on his behalf.



From a Photo. by

THE INNER GALLERY.

[Elliott & Fry.

What a grand sitter Professor Owen was!

"I got my impression of him," continued the sculptor, as we looked on the almost smiling face, "by seeing him sitting on the vertebrae of a whale, which was made into a garden seat, on the borders of Richmond Park. It was so natural. I remember telling him one day about the birds in my garden, and he said:—

"'England is richer in birds than in any other branch of natural history.'

"So intense was his love for animals that he had his bed almost as high as the ceiling, and had to mount a small pair of steps in order to reach it. I asked him the reason for this.

"'Oh, it is very simple!' he replied. 'I have had it built so that I can look out on to Richmond Park and see the deer in the early dawn. They behave so differently at four o'clock in the morning, when no one is near to disturb them.'

"Yes, that is 'The Mower.' It was the first work of the more realistic school I attempted after so much of the classical. It was suggested by a very simple incident. I was on the Thames, and on the bank I saw a man just like the statue looking at everything passing along the river. I made the sketch at once, and this is the result."

The gallery is continued in a second apartment—this further room is also given up to many examples of his mother's skilful workmanship, intermixed with pictures by the family. There are also engravings of many of the Presidents

of the Academy. A portrait of the late Vicat Cole hangs just by a fine view of the Forth Bridge, and I listened to a strange little incident, of which perhaps those superstitiously inclined will make much. It has been Mr. Thornycroft's lot to dine lately at tables where thirteen have sat down. The last occasion was at Sir Frederick Leighton's. Vicat Cole was present. He unceremoniously rose from

the table, crossed to his host, and whispered something in his ear. Shortly after he died!

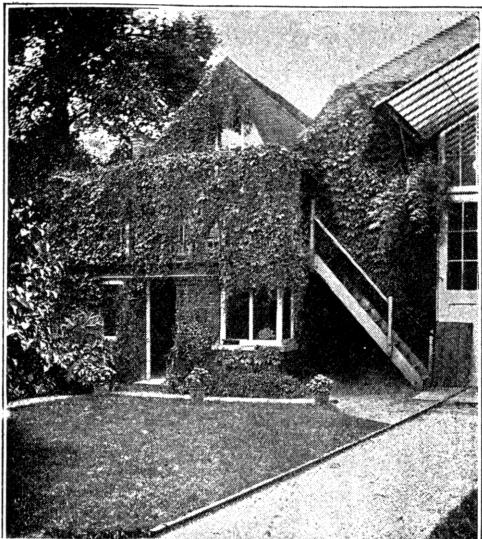
From amongst the plaster models in the corner, one quaint and curious object stands out. It is under a glass case and made of jet. Carefully and almost reverently the sculptor lifts it down. He looked at it and then at me, as though waiting.

"It is a model of Nelson's funeral car in the crypt of St. Paul's!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, "and the beginning of our family as sculptors. My grandfather went to see Nelson's funeral. The wonderful car impressed him. As soon as he returned to Norfolk he went along the sea-shore, picked up the jet, and carved this. Mr. Vernon saw it, and immediately sent him to Chantrey's studio."

We left the gallery, walking down a glass-enclosed passage brimming over with flowers, and just looked into the garden to see how the mulberries were ripening and whether the pears were making good progress. A rose tree was blooming over the grave of Artemis's dog. We could just get a glimpse of the roof of Sir Frederick Leighton's wonderful Arabian Hall. "Corky" was sitting on the wall and positively blinking at Mr. Marcus Stone, who was just then walking in his garden. Marcus Stone is passionately fond of cats, and is jealous of "Corky"! "Corky," however, prefers to appropriate his partridges.

Here is the great turn-table on which the statues are placed, in order that their creator may "consider" them under various atmo-



GARDEN ENTRANCE TO STUDIO.
From a Photo. by Mr. Thornycroft.

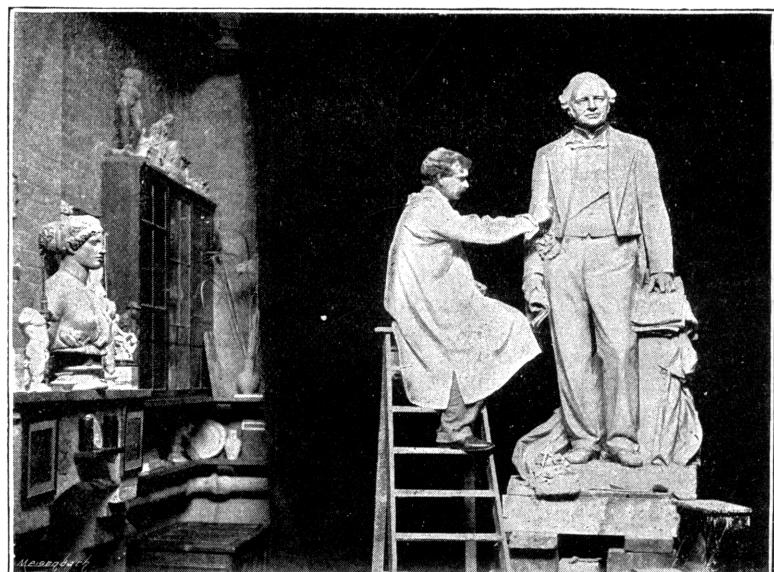
spheric conditions. It is worked by means of hydraulics, and can be raised fourteen feet. It runs in and out of the studio on metal lines. Then we enter the studio—the workshop of the man who has done much to popularize sculpture whilst retaining all the pure beauty of which the art is typical. There are really three or four studios.

The first of these is a private studio. The horse-shoe over the door silently testifies "Good Luck." The centre is just now occupied by a colossal statue of the late Lord Granville intended for the House of Commons. It is now in the clay. By its side, on a smaller turn-table, is the tiny sketch model—about twelve inches high—in green wax, and the quarter-size model in plaster of the finished work. Both of these are made by the sculptor, from which his pupils and assistants build up the statue in clay to its full size. Again the master-hand is

employed, and from this it is either copied into marble or cast in bronze.

There is much about this studio to examine. The mantel-shelf provides a resting-place for what might be called the sculptor's treasures. Here in the centre is the Oxford Fragment, a bust probably of Demeter of about 500 B.C., the marble of which was found in a cellar—thrown aside as useless—by Watts and Ruskin, at Oxford. But its breast heaves to all who love art, and it can only be placed second to the Venus of Milo. There are many more fragments of Greek art here, and a sketch model by Alfred Stevens of one of the figures on the Wellington monument in St. Paul's, a work considered by Mr. Thornycroft to be one of the finest in Europe. Sketch models for all the sculptor's principal works are scattered about—works by his grandfather, father, and mother are by no means absent. The old red flag which surmounts a very dusty-looking helmet is no relic of war's alarms. The helmet is that worn by its owner when a Volunteer, and the flag once decorated his father's yacht.

In an adjoining studio—the carving studio—a pupil is working upon a fine statue which is to be placed in the inner court of the Royal Exchange. The model for this is considered a "find," for the girl who is posing for it possesses a face singularly like Her Majesty's at the time of the coronation. The association between pigeons' wings and those of angels is very, very distant, but those lying on a slab played a useful part in



From a Photo. by

MR. THORNYCROFT AT WORK.

[Elliott & Fry.

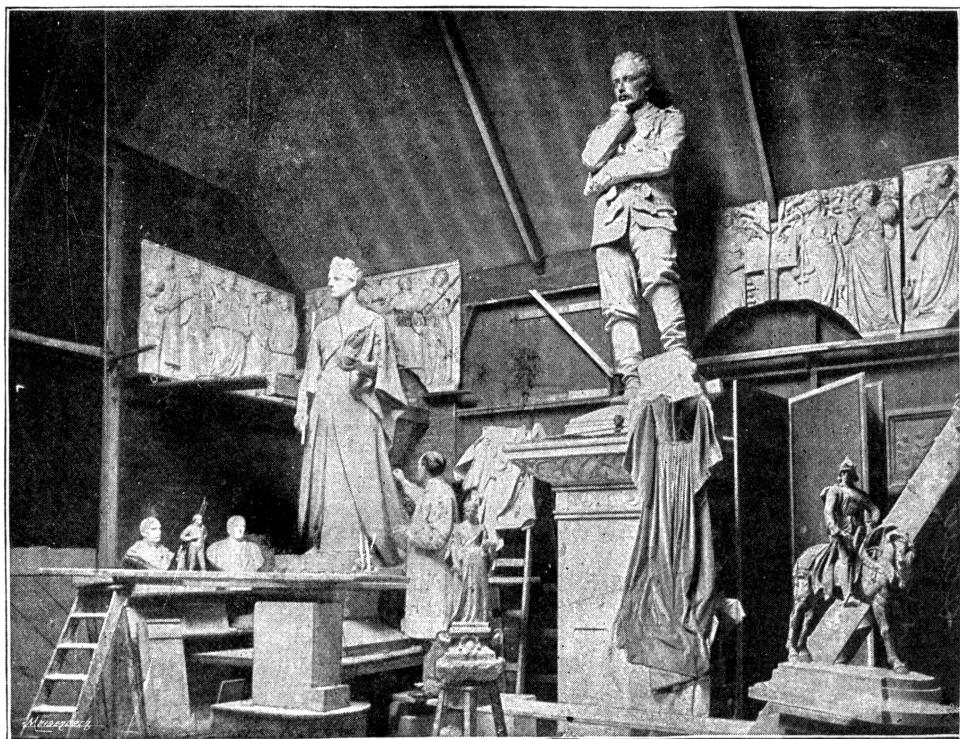
realizing the wings of two angels which form part of a very elaborate monument just completed. A recumbent figure of the late Bishop Goodwin of Carlisle is just now in process of being modelled, and another of Dr. Thompson, the late Archbishop of York. On a ledge rest a score of photos of Bishop Goodwin, but the sculptor was unable to obtain one which conveyed any useful idea as to what the hands were like. The cast of hands in a prayerful attitude which is shown to me are those of Miss Goodwin, whose own hands resemble those of her reverend father in a remarkable way. The

the hat particularly, as it is an excellent guide to the size of a man's head.

An amusing though creepy little story is told. A few days ago the model for the late Bishop was lying clothed in the episcopal robes. It was growing dusk. A new assistant, whilst walking through, was surprised to see the model raise his head and ask what time it was. The man ran for his life.

"Are monuments as popular to-day as ever?" I asked.

"Yes," Mr. Thornycroft said; "I think so. I find that many people are anxious to have a monument erected at once, but the



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDIO.

[Elliott & Fry.

little angels which surround the head of the slumbering Bishop were modelled from Mr. Thornycroft's own children.

The model who has been "sitting" for Dr. Thompson has only just left. He is 5ft. 11in.; Dr. Thompson was 6ft. 2in.; but the sculptor will easily make the difference of three inches in his modelling. A strange, weird feeling comes over one as you note beside the Bishop's figure his familiar gown with lawn sleeves, his boots, his hat, even his collar. But the sculptor is provided with every item of clothing when it is possible—

wish often dies away. Woolner one day had a weeping widow come to him to make a monument of her husband. Woolner agreed, and set to work. The design was made and approved. Soon after she came and said she thought *this* decorative figure might be left out; later on she desired *that* figure omitted, and at last she suggested that the whole thing might be postponed for the present. She was married again! But she paid the bill readily enough when it was sent in."

Hundreds of plaster casts crowd this studio. The sculptor frankly admits to an occasional



From a Photo. by

THE STUDIO.

(Elliott & Fry.

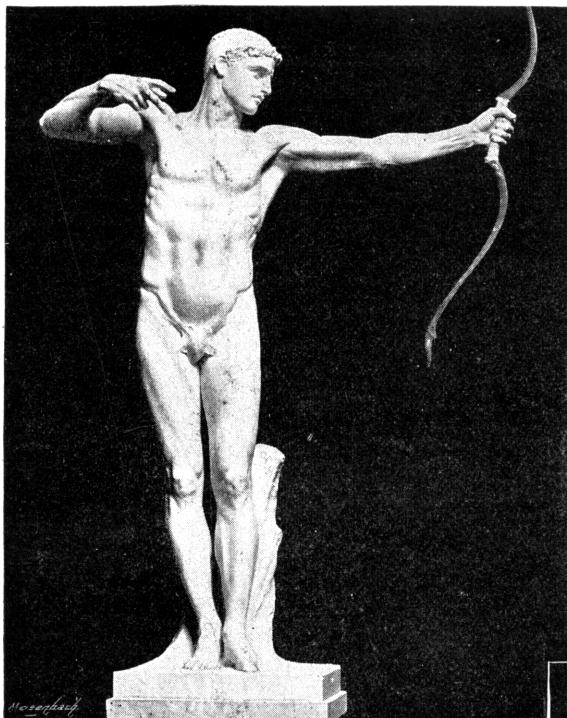
smashing of them—that is, a wilful breaking up. In the outer yard a workman is chipping away at a small frieze, and in close proximity others are busily engaged on a colossal statue of Sir Steuart Bailey, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. This work is subscribed for by the natives of India themselves as a tribute to the Governor. This part of the place is very workmanlike. Great blocks of marble are resting against the wall. One fine and pure piece is pointed out as weighing six tons. It cost £200. Granville is inside! A workman is sawing away at a huge piece of the product of Carrara. You may watch him for an hour, but he seems to have done but little. He can only cut some eight inches a day.

Chip, chip, chip! goes the carver's hammer, and the chips that fall from the block are brushed into a corner, for the purveyor of aerated waters will fetch them away. How curious to think that the tiny pieces of marble which will eventually fall from the head of such a one as Lord Granville, and are now being freely scattered about the floor, will eventually become converted into the gas of soda-water! Yet such is the case.

The hammers, points, drills—of all sizes—

and claws which produce the same effect as the Grecians obtained two thousand years ago lie in a state of utter *olla podrida* about the stone floor. And the chip, chip, chip! was still in our ears as we walked towards the garden once more and sat down beneath the shade of the mulberry tree.

The pursuit of that art of which Mr. Thornycroft is so capable a representative led to the meeting of his father and mother. His mother—a wonderfully delicate manipulator of chisel and hammer—was a pupil at his grandfather's studio. Mr. Thornycroft's father came from Cheshire to the studio, and met the lady who was to be the mother of the Royal Academician. They married. So it came about that William Hamo Thornycroft was born at 39, Stanhope Street, London, in 1850. He still possesses a vivid recollection of his grandfather, John Francis Thornycroft, though he was a mere child when he died; and before referring to his past career, his thoughts freely travel towards his mother, whose figure of "The Skipping Girl" was considered by the Danish sculptor, Professor Jerichau, to be one of the six best modern statues in Europe. After paying this affectionate tribute to his mother, Mr. Thornycroft said:—



"THE TEUCER."

"There were seven of us. I was considered the one too many, so I was sent off to an uncle, who was a farmer in Cheshire, at the age of four. You see, I was bred almost in the open, and from this I believe my intense love for natural history sprang. The fields and meadows were my playground, and in the woods and along the hedgerows I think I found all my small heart needed to satisfy it. I rode, fished, and shot. Then, at eight years of age, I went to a village school, where I remained for two years. I rejoice in those days. We used to lock up the master until he promised to give us a holiday. He would cut out at us with the birch when he was free, but one day a stalwart young farmer championed our cause, and when the pedagogue saw him roll up his sleeves he flew!"

"At ten years of age I went to the Grammar School at Macclesfield, riding backwards and forwards every day. I certainly did learn a little drawing, but my faculty, so to speak, in this direction lay in map-drawing, in which I always secured first place in my class."

Young Thornycroft remained there for two years. He came to London and caught the first glimpse of his father's studio. At twelve

years of age—and by this time he had quite decided in his own youthful mind that he would not become a farmer—he was sent to University College School—a school which can claim the present President of the Royal Academy himself as one of its old boys. He remained there five years. He was a playground boy, revelling in cricket and fives, and he unquestionably became extremely popular—the outset of which was that in a lads' game popularly known as "Taking Prisoner," the coming sculptor distinguished himself in the estimation of his schoolfellows by holding on to the biggest youth in the school until he was captured.

One night the young "Varsity College lad was walking along the Caledonian Road. His dream was almost a definite one. He knew his father had practically decided that he should be an engineer, but he in his



"MEDEA."

own mind was leaning towards art. He stopped in front of a second-hand bookstall, which abounded in this thoroughfare in those days, and the first volume he picked up was a Homer, with illustrations by Flaxman. He bought it—three shillings and sixpence was the price. This book undoubtedly worked wonders with the lad. He almost picked the pictures to pieces, and one might say it was the purchase of this old volume that gave birth to the love of art which was in after years to materially assist in making the man famous.

"I surreptitiously made some drawings," said Mr. Thornycroft. "I went to the British Museum and drew for a time—principally Greek statuary. I was fascinated by the wonderful work of those ancient Greeks. I worked and worked, and then the thought occurred to me, 'Why should I not try for a studentship at the Royal Academy?' Accordingly I appropriated a corner of my father's studio, and commenced work upon a small model for an antique statue.

My father winked at it, but his silence told me I was doing well. My mother never ceased to encourage me. The work finished—it was a dancing faun—I with fear and trembling carried it down to Burlington House. The look of the hall-porter nearly crushed me, but he condescended to take my statue, and—well, a week or two afterwards, on the recommendation of Foley that I was a moral young man—I was admitted to the school as a probationer. Then I started in earnest with a

view to getting a seven years' studentship. True, my first training was at the British Museum, which I consider the very best for a young man. It contains the finest work in the world, more especially Greek work; and I leaned in that direction from the first—but I owe very much to the Academy Schools. I got the seven years' studentship, during which time I took the highest awards for sculpture. I got a medal for drawing."

This winning of the medal for drawing

was quite an unusual thing for a sculptor. Here Mr. Thornycroft had many fellow students who have since become famous, principally Alfred Dicksee, R.A., who took the gold medal for painting the same year. Painter and sculptor have always run close together. Dicksee was made A.R.A. the same year as Mr. Thornycroft, and R.A. very near the same time—only the sculptor is married and the painter remains a bachelor. They were hard-working days of studentship, though there was always time for a little inward chuckle at the expense of old



From a THE GORDON MEMORIAL AT MELBOURNE. [Photograph.]

Charles Landseer, then the keeper of the Academy. He was very deaf, and so was his brother Tom, and when these two worthy brothers of Sir Edwin met, their efforts to catch one another's words was mirth-provoking in the extreme.

"In 1871 I went to Rome," the sculptor continued. "An aunt died and left me a little legacy, so, accompanied by two sisters, I visited Italy. I was deeply impressed, particularly by the Renaissance work, and the Michael Angelos at Florence. I visited

Venice too, and the Venetian painters, particularly Tintoretto, influenced me much. I travelled altogether for seven weeks, but I was called back by a message from my father. I think he must have recognised my work, for he told me that he wanted me to assist him in the carrying out of a commission for the Poets' Fountain in Park Lane. I modelled the figure of Clio at the base, and also that of Fame which surmounts the whole."

And "Fame" was a good omen. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Again he assisted his father in a fine statue of Lord Mayo for India. The public were not slow in recognising the genius of the young man, and Millais came forward and patted him on the back. Already Woolner had said an encouraging word. The very first commission he had was for a bust of Professor Sharpey, and Woolner gave him good cheer over this. In 1873 a medallion was refused by the Royal Academy—a work, by-the-bye, now hanging in a house in Scotland—but the sculptor was by no means discouraged. It paid him to wait, for it made him work with truer determination, and in 1875 the gold medal was secured, the little supper-party held, and Stacy Marks's friendship cemented. The future now seemed secure.

"I gradually took the lead in my father's studio," he said, "working in the old house in Wilton Place, formerly occupied by Westmacott. My father became very much wrapped up in engineering, and soon forsook the place altogether for my brother's torpedo works at Chiswick. I was now engaged on quite a number of portrait busts, etc., but I was longing to go farther. Just as the young architect always starts by drawing the plans for a cathedral, so did I want to do some-

thing equally big. My father gave up the studio, so a friend and I designed these, and in 1877 I came here. I started on 'Lot's Wife.' I followed this up by 'Artemis.' I have already told you what a grand model I had for it, though indeed the face was purely ideal. I had my notion—as I believe everybody else has—as to what Artemis would be like if she came to earth. Waterhouse, the architect, brought the Duke of Westminster to see it. He must have liked it, for he immediately gave me a commission to carry it out in marble. It is now at Eaton Hall. It was the real beginning of my success, for on that I was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1881.

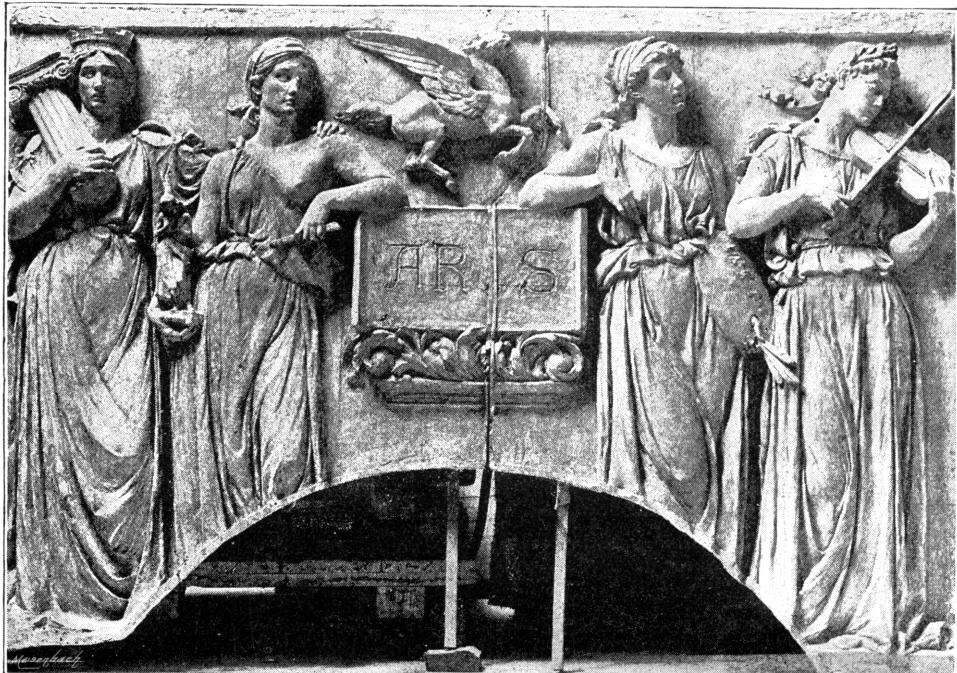
"The idea then came to me that a successful statue might be created from the employment of two simple lines practically at right angles. My first impression was to utilize an archer, but eventually I selected the Greek hero famous as an archer in the 'Iliad.' This was 'The Teucer,' and was carried out in bronze. This brought me great happiness, for it was bought under the Chantrey bequest, and is now in South Kensington. I think it was only the third piece of sculpture bought under this bequest, the other two being Sir Frederick

Leighton's 'Athlete and Python' and Calder Marshall's 'Prodigal Son.' Yes, I was very delighted, for it meant that my own work had found pleasure in my fellow sculptors' eyes. I also did 'The Mower' in bronze and 'The Sower.' Then the 'Medea.'

"This last is illustrative of William Morris's 'Life and Death of Jason.' It was a commission from a man who died just after I had finished it in plaster—as it is now—and I shall not complete it unless somebody wants it."

Then came a remarkable change in the





PORTION OF FRIEZE FOR THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

character of his work—the classical was left for a time, and the realistic, the modern, taken up. He had been to France, and was struck with the direction in which art was tending. It was becoming more modernized, more typical of the day in which we live as representing the history of the period of our own existence, instead of speculating on that of the ancients. So he started and completed his first great public statue—a commission from the Government—General Gordon, which now stands in Trafalgar Square, and a replica of which is in Melbourne.

“I have reasons to believe that the work was given to me at the instigation of Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais, and I was engaged on it for two and a half years. The model I employed was an Englishman. I read up as many lives of Gordon as I could, being particularly impressed with his career in China. I never saw him, but he grew in my mind the hero he undoubtedly was.

“I remember hearing an Italian officer say: ‘No country in the world could produce a man like Gordon save England.’ So I conceived the man—of wonderful strength of mind, love, kindness, affection—all these, and such I endeavoured to suggest in my figure. The Bible in his hand is exactly like the one he used—now in possession of the Queen. I was very much helped by

photographs, particularly by a full-length one taken in China; but I was anxious to obtain some personal description, and it was over this that I had the two widest opinions as to a man’s appearance I have ever heard.

“I asked Sir Henry Gordon for some information on this point.

“‘My brother,’ he said, ‘was a fine, soldierly fellow; stalwart, well set up and erect, like this,’ and Sir Henry pulled himself up.

“I went further and asked a fellow officer of Gordon’s.

“‘Oh!’ he assured me, ‘rather humped-back, like this,’ and he too illustrated his meaning. The divergence was so great that I fell back upon the photos. The small quotation on the pedestal, ‘Right fears no might,’ is my own. As you know, the Trafalgar Square pedestal has two panels—‘Fortitude and Faith,’ and ‘Charity and Justice.’ The replica, which was commissioned by the Australians—who sent a contingent up the Nile to relieve him—has four panels, including the death scene at Khartoum, which I modelled from first-hand descriptions. I also did John Bright for Rochdale.”

Mr. Thornycroft has done many other remarkably fine works of a modern character, in addition to those already referred

to in the early pages of this article—Sir Arthur Cotton, Professor Erichsen, Samuel Taylor Coleridge (now in Westminster Abbey), Thomas Gray (at Pembroke College, Cambridge), Henry Bradshaw, Dr. Harvey, an equestrian statue of Lord Mayo for Calcutta, etc. He was elected a member of the Royal Academy in 1888, his diploma work being "The Mirror." Amongst his latter-day work the friezes which decorate the exterior of the Institute of Chartered Accountants might be singled out as being amongst the finest examples of their kind in the country.

We returned to the house. In passing through the studio we noticed a woman and child standing, as though waiting. The woman's olive complexion and glorious black eyes told of her nationality. As for the little one's eyes—they were alight as they wandered in wonderment round the great place. Italy was their home.

"Excuse me for a moment," said Mr. Thornycroft.

He spoke to the mother and little one. The woman smiled and seemed glad.

"Models," the sculptor said to me. "There is a village near Naples where it is a tradition amongst the inhabitants to come to England and become models. So 'models' run in the family, from one generation to another. So they come here, and settle for the most part either in Hatton Garden or West Kensington. They are unquestionably the best models. They have an extraordinary habit of knowing how to sit still. I have had them remain in the same strained position for two hours at a time. Yet I would not say one word against your English model.

"One of my best 'pointers' sat to me as a boy years ago. Your English model is only just beginning to wake up to the fact that they can only be models for a time, and recently I have met with cases where they are making a decided effort to be proficient in something else beside 'sitting.' I had a girl here the other day who is learning the type-writer, and another is already very skilful at book-keeping, and balances a certain butcher's books every Monday evening after work in the studio is over."

We talked together of many things at lunch. He considers Flaxman and Stevens two of the greatest sculptors this country has ever seen, and does not hesitate to recognise the French sculptors as the most gifted in Europe, and the Italians the most "frivolous."

He believes that the future of sculpture in this country is assured. In the streets of London the statues of great men are necessary: the public ask for them and expect to see them erected. Yet, he thinks that in small bronze works the future of sculpture lies. Our climate was never made for marble anymore than marble was made for this climate. Bronze is the thing. His realistic work has by no means killed his love of the Greek school. He has sketches for a number of antiques, which he hopes at some future time to carry out, but he regards it as an advantage to a man to be able to change the character of his work, otherwise the public would get

bored with it, for their demand is for variety. As a proof of his present leaning towards the Greek, if he had to live, so to speak, with one of his own statues, he would immediately choose—"Artemis."



"ARTEMIS."

HARRY HOW.

Spiking the Guns.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

I.

HE regiment will be annihilated," observed the Adjutant, coolly. And then, in the same immovable tones, he asked someone to pass him a biscuit.

"Curse you," shouted the Colonel, "do you think I don't know that? Do you imagine I fear getting killed to-morrow? Do you suppose I want to live on after what has happened? It's the eternal disgrace of the thing that's cutting me."

"Once comfortably shot," remarked the senior Major with easy philosophy, "it doesn't much matter to me personally where, or for why, I go down. Not a soul will be left behind to care."

This last remark added tinder to the blaze. The Major was a peasant's son who had hacked and thrust his way up from the ranks by sheer hard fighting. His commanding officer was a noble of the old *régime*. He had hoped, and reasonably expected, that the previous day's engagement would give him a brigade; and so the fiasco had fallen all the more bitterly.

It seemed as though the very stars in their courses had been battling against us. Everything had gone wrong. The blame was not ours; but this, in an army where want of luck was the greatest crime, told nothing in our favour. Many men had fallen, and panic had seized the heels of the rest. Which of us initiated the run cannot be said; but in the rush of some, all had been carried along, few (except, perhaps, one or two of the older officers) resisting very strenuously. The Colonel, burning with shame, had gone in to report. What precisely had been said to him we did not know; but we guessed with some accuracy, although he did not repeat the detail. The gist of his interview was that the regiment was to attack again on the morrow; and if unsuccessful then, once more on the day after; and so on till the bridge was taken.

Yesterday the thing had been barely possible. Yet to-day it was far different. During the night the defences had been more than trebled. The Austrians swarmed. Enough artillery was mounted there now to

have demolished an entire army corps advancing against it from the open.

The deduction was clear. The bravest men will turn tail sometimes; and in our army, which was the bravest in the world, there had, during the latter part of the campaign, been more than one case of wavering. An example accordingly was to be made. Our corps had been singled out for the condign punishment. We were doomed to march on the morrow to our annihilation.

Of course, the matter had not been put so at headquarters. There the words ran: "Most important strategic point. Must be taken at whatever cost. Your regiment will again have the honour, Colonel," and so on. But, summed up bluntly, it was neither more nor less than I have said. We all understood the order to the letter, and there was not a man in the regiment who would hesitate a moment in carrying out his share. Each private soldier, each officer, would march with firm determination to march then his last. That gives the case in a nutshell.

But the secure knowledge that there would be no skulkers along this road to execution did not pacify the Colonel. If anything, it increased his bitterness. It would make his ungrateful memory last the longer. He sat at the table-end of that inn room where we had messed, with folded arms and nervous fingers kneading at his muscles. By a singular irony we were lodged in comfort there—we, who had got to go out and die on the morrow—and he must needs taunt us with it, as though it were shame for such as we to have so tolerable a billet.

Myself, I was stretched out on a sofa away by the far wall, and lay there mutely, having but little taste for the wordy savagaries which were being so freely dealt about. And the night grew older without my being disturbed. But the angry man at the end of the table singled me out at last, perhaps because my outward calm and listlessness jarred upon him.

"Tired, Eugène?" he asked.

"A little, sir."

"Ah, I can understand it. I noted your activity to-day. You have mistaken your vocation, *mon cher*. You should not have come into the army. You should have been a professional runner."

An answer burned on my tongue. But I kept it there, gave a shrug, and said nothing. What use could further wrangling be? But the silence was an ill move. It only angered him further, and he threw at me an insult which was more than human man could endure.

"Do you think you will again feel inclined to use those powers of yours to-morrow, Eugène? Or had I better have you handcuffed to some steady old soldier?"

A dozen of the other officers sprang to their feet at this ghastly taunt, for when such a thing as this was said to one of their number, it touched all. The old Major was their spokesman.

"Colonel, we make all allowances, but you are going too far with the youngster."

He read it.

"There, sir," I said, "kindly add the date, as I have forgotten what it is, and please leave that behind with the baggage when we march to-morrow. If I do not do better work for France than any man in the regiment, it is my wish that this paper be published." The Colonel nodded grimly, and then frowned.

"Have I your permission now, sir, to withdraw from this room?"

A refusal was framing itself—I could see it; but the lowering faces around made him curb his passion, and he nodded again, but reluctantly.

II.

IN the dark, wet air outside, and not before,



"COLONEL, YOU ARE GOING TOO FAR."

The Colonel scowled round tight-lipped for a minute, and then:—

"I am quite capable of commanding this regiment of lost sheep, without unasked-for advice from subordinates, Major. Lieutenant Ramard, you heard my question, I presume? Please have the civility to answer."

During the minute's respite I had been thinking and acting—that is, writing. I got up and handed the Colonel a slip of paper. On it were the words:—

"I acknowledge that I, E. Ramard, Lieutenant of the 22nd—, am a coward."

(Signed) "EUGÈNE RAMARD."

did I realize fully what I had done. The screed on the slip of paper had been the spasm of the instant. It seemed to me now the outcome of a moment's insanity. I had had no plan, no trace of scheme in my head whilst I was scribbling. The words and the pledge were an empty boast, made in the wild hope that I could hold them good. But how could such a thing be done? The most furious, desperate courage, by itself, would avail nothing. There would be a thousand men around, each to the full as brave as I—for no one can march farther than death—and to do "better work

for France" than any of them! Ah, no, the thing was impossible. With them I should fall, and amongst all of them I alone would be branded infamous. The paper would be brought to light; the curt, bald confession would be read with no explanation of how or why it was written; and men would form their own opinions—all hostile, all against me.

To leave behind nothing but the name of a self-avowed coward! Oh, agony! bitter agony!

I wandered wherever my blind feet led me, wrenched by torments that God alone knew the strength of, and from which there seemed no human means of escape. The heavy rain-squalls moaned down the village streets. The place, with its armed tenantry, slept. Only the dripping sentries were open-eyed. These, taking me for an officer on ordinary rounds, saluted with silent respect. No soul interfered with me. Not even a dog barked.

The thought came: You die only to gain a wreath of craven plumes. Why not pass away from here—escape—desert—vanish—be known no more—and yet live? No one withholds from you new life and new country. France alone, of all the world, is utterly hopeless for you.

The thought gained. I say it freely now, for the dead, dull blackness of my prospect then showed no spot of relief. In my walkings to and fro I gradually verged nearer and nearer to the outer cordon. As an officer I knew the words for the night, sign and countersign both. I could pass the pickets.

Farther and farther towards the scattered outskirts of the hamlet did my doubting feet lead me. In one more patrol up and down I think my mind would have been made up, and, after that, whatever deluge the Fates desired. But a sound fell on my ear, faint and not unmusical. I was

dully conscious of some new scheme beginning to frame itself. I changed my path, and walked faster.

Presently the cause of the sound disclosed itself. A field forge, an anvil, and couple of grimy farriers, and half-a-dozen troopers with horses. The cavalrymen were resting on the ground, watering-bridle in hand, awaiting their turns. The smiths were slaving, sweating, swearing, doing the work of thrice their number. It was a queer enough group, and I gazed at it for many minutes, still unable to frame the gauzy idea that had reanimated me. Then one of the farriers who had been fitting a hissing shoe on to a hind hoof, chilled the hot iron in a rain puddle, and humped up the horse's fetlock on to his apron again.

I started.

The fellow picked up a hammer, took a nail from his mouth, and drove the nail first gently, and then smartly home. "There, vicious one," swore he. "I put that spike through the vent in a matter of seconds, but with these four others beside it, thou'l not rid thyself of it in as many weeks."

I strode forward.

"Five louis for that hammer and a score of nails!"

The military smith dropped the hoof from his lap, came to attention, and saluted. But he looked at me queerly, and answered



"FIVE LOUIS FOR THAT HAMMER AND A SCORE OF NAILS!"

nothing. I could see he thought me mad. Very likely excitement had made me look so.

"Ten louis. There is the money, in gold."

"My officer, the things are yours."

Steel spikes, brittle rods that would snap off short, would have been better. But time was growing narrow, and I must take what offered. These soft bent nails would serve my purpose. And now for the river. The current was swift, and I could not swim a stroke. I must go up-stream, and trust to find some tree-trunk or wooden balk that would aid me in floating down.

III.

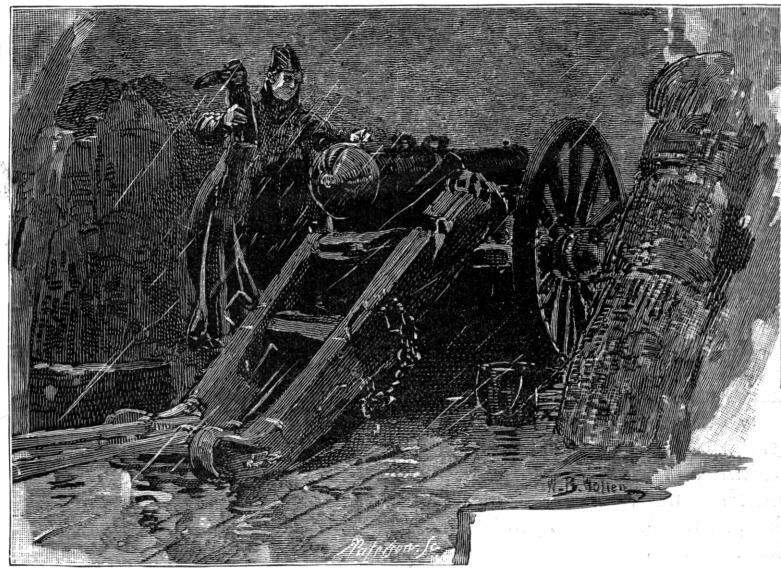
Of the matters that happened after this I cannot speak with any minuteness. To think back at, the whole time seems like a blurred dream, broken by snatches of dead sleep. I know I gained my point on the river-bank, some mile above the village, and entered the water there, finding it chill as ice. I think it was a small fence-gate that aided my choking passage. I can only recollect clearly that the thing I clung to was terribly unstable; and that on being landed by a chance eddy on a strip of shoal, I lay there for fully half an hour, listening to a sentry plodding past and past through the mud ten yards away, unable to move a limb. Then I gathered strength; and crawling, not only from caution but through sheer helplessness, made my stealthy way still further along the shore.

Four batteries commanded the approaches to the bridge. Two were on either flank, to deliver a converging fire; two, one above the other, were in a direct line with it, so that the causeway could be swept from end to end.

It was in the lower of these last that I found myself—by what route come, I cannot say. Only then my senses seemed to return to me. I was lying in an embrasure. Overhead was the round, black chase of a sixty-pounder. I crawled farther and

looked down the line. Six more guns loomed through the night, making seven in all.

The rain was coming down in torrents, sending up spurts of mud. There were men within a dozen yards, wakeful men; and then, and not before, did it flash upon me that my farrier's hammer was a useless weapon. Fool that I was to bring it. Idiot I must have been to forget that the first clink would awaken the redoubt. My life? No, pah! I didn't count that. But it would mean only one gun spiked effectually, if so much. I drew back into the embrasure, and knitted my forehead afresh. The right thought was tardy, but it came. I drew off my boot. It was new, and it was heavy—badinage had been poured out by my comrades over its heaviness. The strong-sewn heel would drive like a calker's mallet.



"THEN I GOT TO WORK."

Then I got to work. The guns were loaded and primed. The locks were covered with leather aprons. I used infinite caution; crawling like a cat, crouching in deepest shadows, stopping, making détours; not for mere life's sake, be it understood, but because life was wanted for work yet undone.

The seven guns were put out of action, and still the night was dark and the Austrians were ignorant behind the curtain of pelting rain. . . . And then on to the upper battery. . . . Two, four, eight guns!

Three I spiked, and the night began to grey. Three more, and men were stirring. I got reckless, and sprang openly at another.

The air was filling with shouts, and stinking powder smoke, and crashes, and the red flash of cannon.

The French were advancing to the storm in the wet, grey dawn. Both flanking batteries, fully manned, had opened upon them; but of the guns which had direct command of the bridge, only one spoke.

Into the roar of artillery, the wind brought up yells, and oaths, and bubbling shrieks. And then the eagles came through the smoke. There was no stopping that rush.

Somehow I found myself amongst comrades, fighting with a claw-backed farrier's hammer; knowing nothing of order, or reason, or how these things came to pass; but heated only by an insane desire to kill, and kill, and kill! And then I grappled with a man who was struggling off with a flag, and wrestled with him in a crimson slough, and choked him down into it, whilst heavily-shod feet trampled madly on both of us. And afterwards there was more shouting and cheering; and mighty hand-claps between my shoulder-blades; and the old Major, who gave me cognac out of a silver flask—cognac which seemed to have been sadly over-watered.

And that is all I remembered till I woke up in the afternoon from the sofa in that village inn. *Reveille* had sounded. We mustered under arms, and the roll was called. Many did not answer.

And then: "Stand out, Lieutenant Ramard!" said the Colonel.

I advanced, and saluted.

"You will consider yourself under arrest, sir, for desertion before the enemy. Presently, you will surrender your sword, and report yourself at headquarters."

The Colonel turned and exchanged some words with a little, pale man near him, who sat awkwardly on a white stallion.

He resumed: "The Emperor has considered your case, sir, confirms the arrest, and orders you to be reduced to the ranks." The Colonel paused, and continued:—

"But as a reward for your gallantry, your commission of captain will be made out with promotion to the first vacant majority, and you will also receive a decoration."

And then I was ordered to advance again, and the Emperor transferred a Cross of the Legion from his own breast to mine.

"Captain of the Twenty-second," he said, "thou art my brother."

I never asked for the Colonel's apology.



"CAPTAIN OF THE TWENTY-SECOND, HE SAID."

Beauties—Children.

From a Photo, by A. W. Lee, London, N.

Marjorie C. Bitter.



From a Photo, by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

From a Photo, by Arthur Neale, Nottingham.

From a Photo. by A. Esmé Collings, West Brighton.

From a Photo. by G. L. Lea, Watford.



From a Photo. by G. T. Jones & Co., Surbiton.

From a Photo. by A. Esmé Collings, West Brighton.

From a Photo. by Barraud, Liverpool.



Mabel Griffith

Evelyn Field-Fisher



From a Photo. by Debenham & Smith, Southampton.



XV.—ZIG-ZAG ENTOMIC.

ENTOMOLOGY is a vast, a complicated, and a bewildering thing. Every entomologist has his own ideas as to classification, and each system of classification, considered separately, seems to consist of an aggravation of the confusions of all the other systems.

Therefore let us have no system in our contemplation of whatsoever it may please us unprofitably and frivo-
lously to observe.

The illustrative moralist has a

J. A. Sargent



AN ORCHESTRA.

way of rushing to the insect world for his lessons, though a moment's reflection and a few inquiries would convince him that the insect world is the most immoral sphere of action existing. The pervading villainy of the whole insect kingdom is obvious in the very system of their existence; for if ever you inquire what is the earthly use of some particular insect, you always find that it is to eat some other insect, which, if allowed to increase, would do all sorts of frightful damage. You then find that the use of this second insect is to kill

some other insect, an equal pest; the object in life of the third insect being to unite in large numbers and assassinate some entirely different and very large insect indeed, who spends his days and nights skirmishing about and devouring all the different sorts of insects we have just been speaking of. Therefore, since the mission of every insect is

to kill some other, it is plain that murder is the chief occupation of the insect tribes, and even the illustrative moralist is reported to admit that murder is not

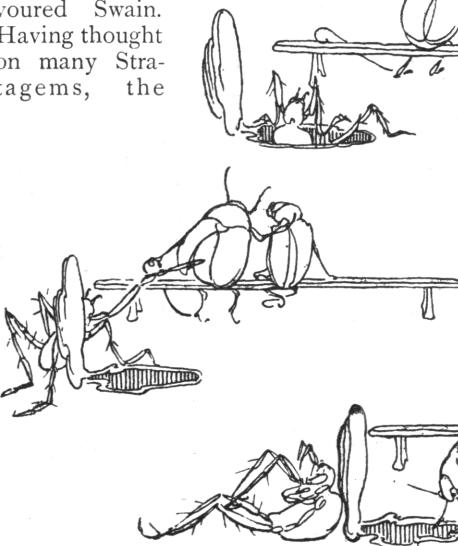
a strictly moral amusement. Also, since it is proper that every insect should be kept in restraint by some other, it is plain that the sum of insect depravity, apart from murder, must be vast indeed; which disposes of the insect as a popular preacher.

But the insect as an ogre, the insect as a pirate, as a flute, a flageolet, a torpedo, a Jew's harp, a walking-stick, a double bass, and a Jack-in-the-box—in such characters he shines, often literally. For the beetle *Xylotrupes*, with his glossy back, is a double bass, and nothing in the world else—unless it be a bloated violoncello. Just as the stick insect may be a flute, a flageolet, a walking-stick, or a mere twig, as fancy may persuade you; and as the

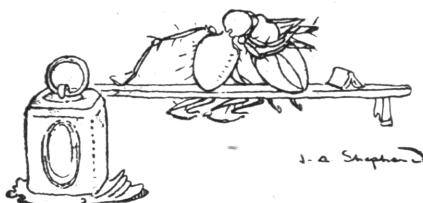


THE WICKED OGRE.

trap-door spider may be a Jack-in-the-box or a wicked ogre rising through the stage in a pantomime. Here, in the Insect House, one may see the trap-door in all its neatly fitting and spring-hinged guile, and there is no reason why a moral fable should not be built round him, or round any other insect, so long as he is not elevated to an ethical pedestal whereon he has no right. For instance, one might tell the Fable of the Artful Spider and the Fascinating Beetle thus: "A certain Green Beetle, that was a great Belle, was much Beloved by a Brown Spider, owning an elegant and convenient Trap-door in a Fashionable Situation. But his Suit had an unfavourable course owing to the intervention of a Prussian Blue Beetle, who was the more favoured Swain. Having thought on many Stratagems, the



length he left open the Trap-door, taking Ambush behind it; and when the Prussian Blue Beetle arose and investigated the Premises, with great Speed did the Spider



A FABLE.

The big hairy Tarantula Spider, too, the ogre that will kill a bird or a mouse when large insects are scarce, is here with his venom and ugliness in complete order. He sheds his skin periodically, sometimes leaving it perfect throughout except in the one place through

Spider at length placed a rustic seat near his Dwelling, and Advertised that that was the Place to Spend a Happy Day, knowing full well that the Green Beetle and the Prussian Blue Beetle would take Cheap Returns, and sit upon the rustic seat to Spoon. And when things fell out as he had intended, behold, he arose from his Den and Tickled the Prussian Blue Beetle in the Ribs, quietly Concealing himself. And having Repeated this, at



hasten to shut down the Lid upon him, placing a Weight thereon, to reconcile him to his Incarceration. And straightway the Spider did make his Court unto the Green Beetle, and they lived as happy as usual ever afterward. *Moral:* We may learn from this History, that, as the Poet has already Taught, it is unwise to introduce your Dona to a Pal."

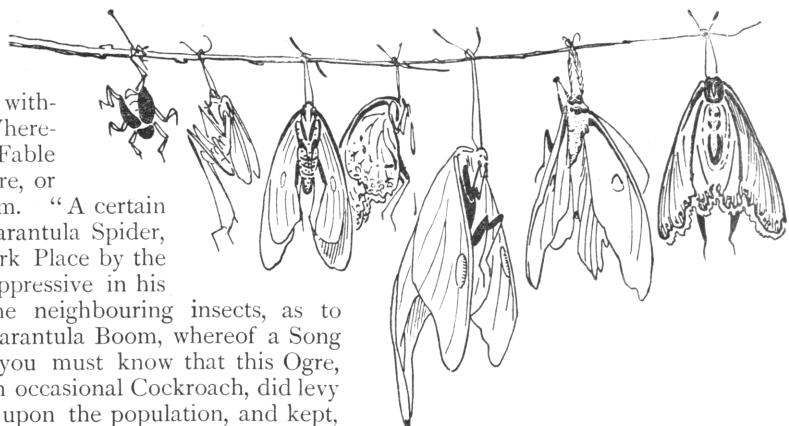
which he emerges, so that it would be possible to "have him stuffed" without killing him. Whereof one may tell the Fable of the Wicked Ogre, or the Tarantula Boom. "A certain Ogre, that was a Tarantula Spider, and dwelt in a Dark Place by the hillside, grew so oppressive in his Demands upon the neighbouring insects, as to create a Scare or Tarantula Boom, whereof a Song was written. For you must know that this Ogre, not satisfied with an occasional Cockroach, did levy daily contributions upon the population, and kept, hanging in his Larder, a great Store of Prime Joints, much greater than his Requirement. And the Song of the Tarantula Boom was sung more than ever, and people grew Mad. Among many other Things, this Ogre demanded the Sacrifice every day of a White Lady. And still did all the Crawling Things, being bitten by the Tarantula, or as some said, Tara-ra Boom, fall to Dancing and Singing the

aforesaid Song like Mad, because of the Boom; all the White Ladies and all the others; and there was much High Kicking and Flinging of the Heels: Until at last all the Insects, finding the Tara-ra Boom beyond endurance, resolved to Come in their Thousands and Slay the Ogre. Of which the Ogre having privy Information, he set about to devise some means to Terrify his Assailants. To that end he Cast his Skin, taking much care not to Damage the suit of clothes, and set it Empty but seeming Full

beside him. And when the Posse of Insects, driven Desperate with much repetition of the Tara-ra Boom (or as some did now call it, the Tara-ra Boom D. A., because it was Deuced Annoying), came unto the Ogre, behold, he was Twins. And they marvelled much, saying one to another, Lo, the Job has doubled in size; verily it would seem a Bit Too Thick. Thus they went Home in their Thousands, each diligently slinging his respective Hook, by Reason of the game not being Good enough. And so it was that the Tara-ra Boom D. A. lasted for ever.

Moral, very."

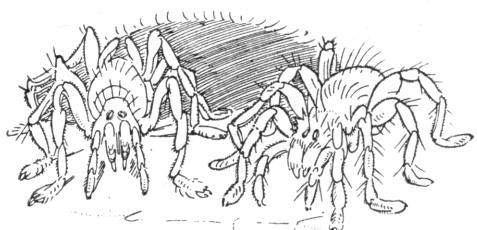
Speaking of booms, by the way, one remembers that, according to Tennyson, "At



THE OGRE'S LARDER.



THE STRATAGEM.



John Bagnold

TWINS.



THE INSECTEER.

show in glass cases; consequently, I am always respectful to Quantrill, and inspect his person carefully for stray scorpions before coming very near.

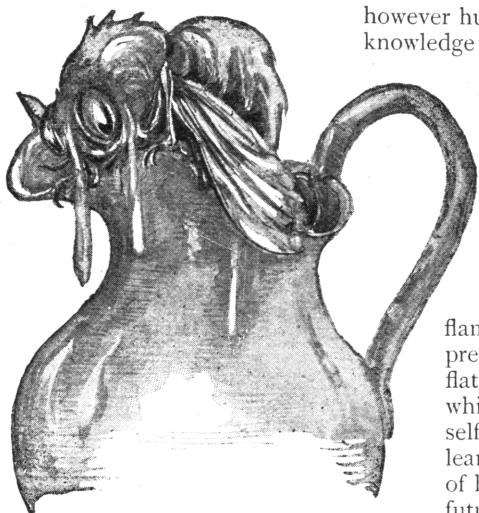
A certain amount of entomology is forced on everybody, whether of a scientific turn or not. There are very many seaside lodging-houses where the whole of the inmates, without distinction of scientific tastes, sleeplessly adopt the study from

eve the beetle boometh." But the only beetle one remembers as effecting much in the way of a boom is the Colorado Beetle. The beetle, as a general thing, is not given to publicity of any sort, preferring a retired and quiet life. He never interferes in public affairs—having too many legs to look after. The Bombardier Beetle, however, *can* boom. Touch him, and you will hear.

Quantrill, here, is very kind to the Tarantula Spiders, often giving them a steam bath to assist them in getting rid of their old suits of clothes. Quantrill keeps in order the moths, butterflies, caterpillars, and spiders in the Insect House. He is a man who has arrived at a state of being when nothing feels crawly—not even a centipede. To be on terms of daily intimacy with lions, tigers, elephants, and pelicans is a great thing, but I feel a more peculiar awe for a man who is the confidential friend of several scorpions, and who keeps two spider-ogres on



"WHAT A LOVELY SEALSKIN! BUT THERE'S MOTH IN IT."



INTEMPERANCE EVEN IN MILK.

their first night of residence. The sea air invariably stimulates interest in natural history. Nobody, therefore, however humble, need despair of acquiring entomological knowledge from want of material. The earnest student need do no more than buy an expensive sealskin cloak to gather together an instructive swarm of moths, sufficient to engage his attention for a long time. The Japanese, by-the-bye, have a pretty story to account for the rushing of moths at a flame. The moths, they say, in love with the night-flies, were bidden to fetch fire for their adornment. The moths, being naturally fools from the circumstance of being in love, rushed at the first flame available, and were damaged. This is a very pretty excuse for the moth, and perhaps more flattering than the belief prevalent in this country, which is that the moth is fool enough to burn himself without being in love. Because a moth never learns wisdom. Once having got away with the loss of half a wing, he might reasonably be expected, in future, on observing the light that caused the damage, to remark, knowingly, "Oh, that's an old flame of

mine," and pass by on the other side. But he doesn't. He flies into it again and burns his other wing, or, more probably, roasts himself completely. Thousands of generations of scorched and roasted moths have passed away without developing the least knowledge of the properties of fire in their descendants. The moth remains consistent, and a fool.

There are few things of its size more annoy-



"HULLO, HOW DO ?"



"SEEDY, EH ?"

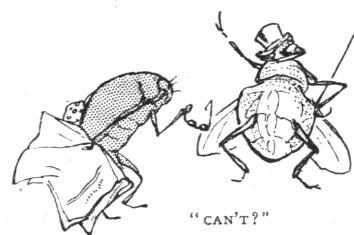
ing than a blue-bottle. He is always bursting with offensive, bouncing, robust animal spirits. He snorts and trum-



"THEN COME OUT."



"NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU."



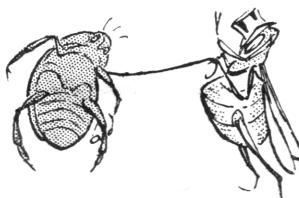
"CAN'T ?"



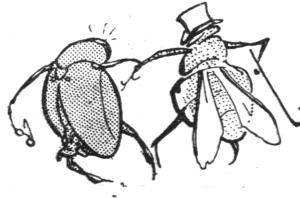
"WHY, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT !"



"NO SHIRKING !"



"ONLY A LITTLE TOO FAT."



"COME ALONG !"



"SOON PUT YOU RIGHT."



"YOU WON'T ?"



"WELL, I'M OFF !"

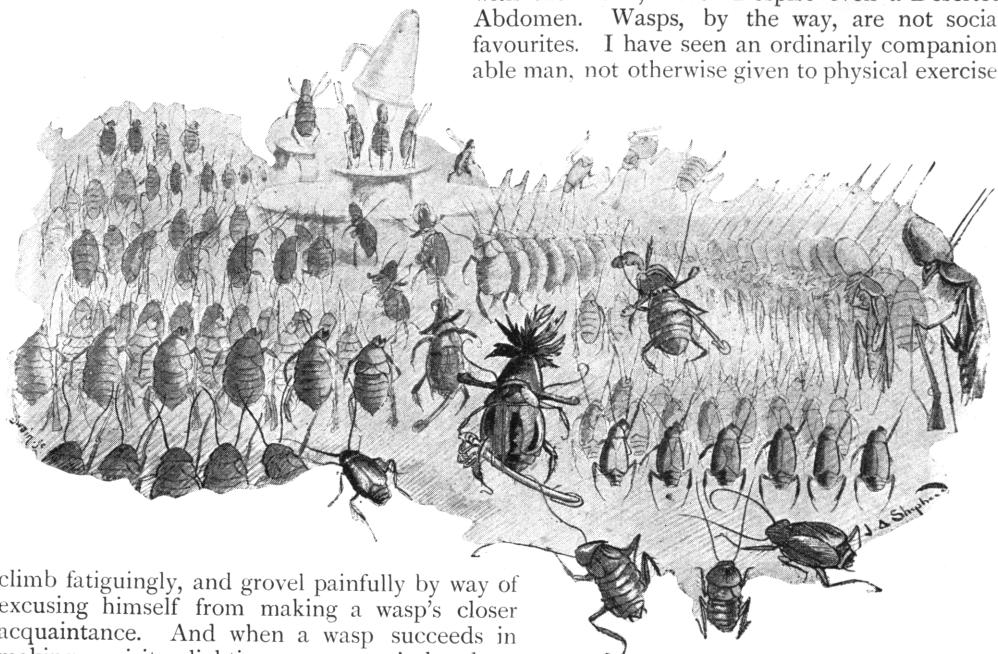
pets about your room in an absurdly important manner, when you are anxious not to be disturbed. To personal acquaintances of his own size he must be an intolerable nuisance. He is like those awful stout persons who wear very shiny hats very much on one side, who hum loud choruses, slap you boisterously on the back, take you forcibly by the arm and drag you out for promenades when you are anxious to be left alone. He is preferable to these persons, inasmuch as with some expenditure of time and temper and the shattering of various small pieces of furniture you may smash the

bluebottle, whereas the law protects the other creature. The bluebottle, however, adds to his other objectionableness by plunging among and rolling in your meals before your very eyes.

The Death Watch is another domestic insect never very cordially received. He only taps by way of telegraphic signal to his friends, but after all the terror he has caused he might have had the consideration to invent some other system. The Death-Watch, the Death's-Head-Moth, and the Pirate Spider are the banditti among insects—who are all cut-throats themselves to begin with.

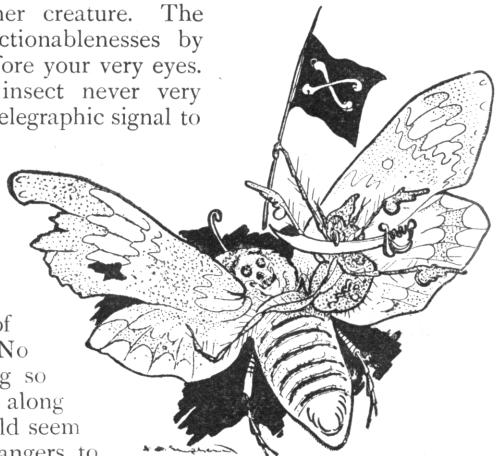
One of the most remarkable characteristics of insects as a class is their contempt for legs. No insect minds the loss of a leg or two, having so many others. A spider sometimes will get along very well with one. Indeed, every insect would seem to be made of parts which are complete strangers to each other. I have seen a wasp "divided," like Clonglockety Angus McClan, "close by the waist," but not in the least inconvenienced by the solution of continuity. The front half, having the best of the bargain by reason of retaining the wings and legs, strolled away in the most unconcerned fashion, leaving the unfortunate abdomen, legless and wingless, to get home as best it might. Whereon one might construct yet another fable, relating the meeting of the front end of that wasp with an enemy, and its inability to use its sting at a critical moment,

with the moral, Never Despise even a Deserted Abdomen. Wasps, by the way, are not social favourites. I have seen an ordinarily companionable man, not otherwise given to physical exercise,



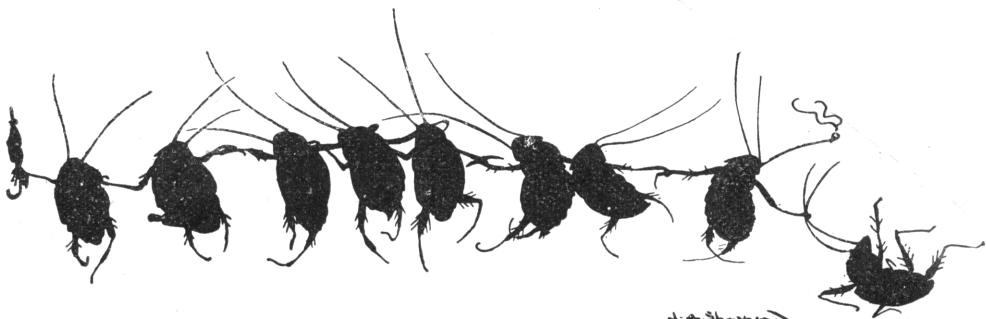
climb fatiguingly, and grovel painfully by way of excusing himself from making a wasp's closer acquaintance. And when a wasp succeeds in making a visit, alighting on a man's hand or neck, that man never asks him to sit down, because it is when a wasp sits down that one best understands the uselessness of his acquaintance. The only satisfactory way of averting a wasp-sting is to stand on the animal's back for five minutes before he commences.

The domestic black-beetle is so called in celebration of its being brown in colour and not a beetle. Beetles are aristocrats who keep their wings in sheaths. The more proper name for *Blatta Orientalis* is the cockroach, because it is equally



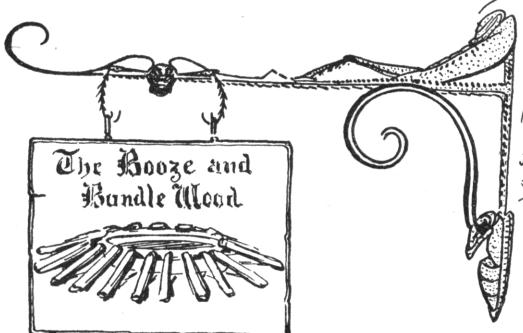
THE PIRATE AND THE DEATH'S-HEAD.

A REVIEW.



COMING HOME FROM

THE SIGN OF



unlike a cock and a roach. Its use in the economy of Nature is to supply a consolation for big feet. It is well known as a kitchen ornament, although its natural diffidence of disposition induces it to reserve its decorative effects for the evening, when it organizes reviews and parades on every available spot. Few domestic

pets are regarded more affectionately by their proprietors. Lettuce leaves and wafers are distributed for its comfort nightly, and I have known even respectable teetotalers to pander to its depraved tastes, and provide it with the means of shocking intoxication in an old pie-dish provided with convenient ladders.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

XXII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE GREEK INTERPRETER.



URING my long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Sherlock Holmes I had never heard him refer to his relations, and hardly ever to his own early life. This reticence upon his part had increased the somewhat inhuman effect which he produced upon me, until sometimes I found myself regarding him as an isolated phenomenon, a brain without a heart, as deficient in human sympathy as he was pre-eminent in intelligence. His aversion to women, and his disinclination to form new friendships, were both typical of his unemotional character, but not more so than his complete suppression of every reference to his own people. I had come to believe that he was an orphan with no relatives living, but one day, to my very great surprise, he began to talk to me about his brother.

It was after tea on a summer evening, and the conversation, which had roamed in a desultory, spasmodic fashion from golf clubs to the causes of the change in the obliquity of the ecliptic, came round at last to the question of atavism and hereditary aptitudes. The point under discussion was how far any singular gift in an individual was due to his ancestry, and how far to his own early training.

“In your own case,” said I, “from all that you have told me it seems obvious that your faculty of observation and your peculiar facility for deduction are due to your own systematic training.”

“To some extent,” he answered, thoughtfully. “My ancestors were country squires, who appear to have led much the same life, as is natural to their class. But, none the less, my turn that way is in my veins, and may have come with my grandmother, who was the sister of Vernet, the French artist. Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms.”

“But how do you know that it is hereditary?”

“Because my brother Mycroft possesses it in a larger degree than I do.”

This was news to me, indeed. If there were another man with such singular powers in England, how was it that neither police nor public had heard of him? I put the question, with a hint that it was my companion’s modesty which made him acknowledge his brother as his superior. Holmes laughed at my suggestion.

“My dear Watson,” said he, “I cannot agree with those who rank modesty among the virtues. To the logician all things should be seen exactly as they are, and to underestimate oneself is as much a departure from truth as to exaggerate one’s own powers. When I say, therefore, that Mycroft has better powers of observation than I, you may take it that I am speaking the exact and literal truth.”

“Is he your junior?”

“Seven years my senior.”

“How comes it that he is unknown?”

“Oh, he is very well known in his own circle.”

“Where, then?”

“Well, in the Diogenes Club, for example.”

I had never heard of the institution, and my face must have proclaimed as much, for Sherlock Holmes pulled out his watch.

“The Diogenes Club is the queerest club in London, and Mycroft, one of the queerest men. He’s always there from a quarter to five till twenty to eight. It’s six now, so if you care for a stroll this beautiful evening I shall be very happy to introduce you to two curiosities.”

Five minutes later we were in the street, walking towards Regent Circus.

“You wonder,” said my companion, “why it is that Mycroft does not use his powers for detective work. He is incapable of it.”

“But I thought you said——!”

“I said that he was my superior in observation and deduction. If the art of the detective began and ended in reasoning from an arm-chair, my brother would be the greatest criminal agent that ever lived. But



"HOLMES PULLED OUT HIS WATCH."

he has no ambition and no energy. He will not even go out of his way to verify his own solutions, and would rather be considered wrong than take the trouble to prove himself right. Again and again I have taken a problem to him, and have received an explanation which has afterwards proved to be the correct one. And yet he was absolutely incapable of working out the practical points which must be gone into before a case could be laid before a judge or jury."

"It is not his profession, then?"

"By no means. What is to me a means of livelihood is to him the merest hobby of a dilettante. He has an extraordinary faculty for figures, and audits the books in some of the Government departments. Mycroft lodges in Pall Mall, and he walks round the corner into Whitehall every morning and back every evening. From year's end to year's end he takes no other exercise, and is seen nowhere else, except only in the Diogenes Club, which is just opposite his rooms."

"I cannot recall the name."

Vol. vi - 39.

"Very likely not. There are many men in London, you know, who, some from shyness, some from misanthropy, have no wish for the company of their fellows. Yet they are not averse to comfortable chairs and the latest periodicals. It is for the convenience of these that the Diogenes Club was started, and it now contains the most unsociable and unclubbable men in town. No member is permitted to take the least notice of any other one. Save in the Strangers' Room, no talking is, under any circumstances, permitted, and three offences, if brought to the notice of the committee, render the talker liable to expulsion. My brother was one of the founders, and I have myself found it a very soothing atmosphere."

We had reached Pall Mall as we talked, and were walking down it from the St. James' end. Sherlock Holmes stopped at a door some little distance from the Carlton, and, cautioning me not to speak, he led the way into the hall. Through the glass panelling I caught a glimpse of a large and luxurious room in which a considerable number of men were sitting about and reading papers, each in his own little nook. Holmes showed me into a small chamber which looked out on to Pall Mall, and then, leaving me for a minute, he came back with a companion who I knew could only be his brother.

Mycroft Holmes was a much larger and stouter man than Sherlock. His body was absolutely corpulent, but his face, though massive, had preserved something of the sharpness of expression which was so remarkable in that of his brother. His eyes, which were of a peculiarly light watery grey, seemed to always retain that far-away, introspective look which I had only observed

in Sherlock's when he was exerting his full powers.

"I am glad to meet you, sir," said he, putting out a broad, fat hand, like the flipper of a seal. "I hear of Sherlock everywhere since you became his chronicler. By the way, Sherlock, I expected to see you round last week to consult me over that Manor House case. I thought you might be a little out of your depth."

"No, I solved it," said my friend smiling.

"It was Adams, of course?"

"Yes, it was Adams."

"I was sure of it from the first." The two sat down together in the bow-window of the club. "To anyone who wishes to study mankind this is the spot," said Mycroft. "Look at the magnificent types! Look at these two men who are coming towards us, for example."

"The billiard-marker and the other?"

"Precisely. What do you make of the other?"

The two men had stopped opposite the window. Some chalk marks over the waist-coat pocket were the only signs of billiards which I could see in one of them. The other was a very small dark fellow, with his hat pushed back and several packages under his arm.

"An old soldier, I perceive," said Sherlock.

"And very recently discharged," remarked the brother.

"Served in India, I see."

"And a non-commis-sioned officer."

"Royal Artillery, I fancy," said Sherlock.

"And a widower."

"But with a child."

"Children, my dear boy, children."

"Come," said I, laughing, "this is a little too much."

"Surely," answered Holmes, "it is not hard to say that a man with that bearing, expression of authority, and sun-baked skin is a soldier, is more than a private, and is not long from India."

"That he has not left the service long is shown by his still wearing his 'ammunition boots,' as they are called," observed Mycroft.

"He has not the cavalry stride, yet he wore his hat on one side, as is shown by the lighter skin on that side of his brow. His weight is against his being a sapper. He is in the artillery."

"Then, of course, his complete mourning shows that he has lost someone very dear. The fact that he is doing his own shopping looks as though it were his wife. He has been buying things for children you perceive. There is a rattle, which shows that one of them is very young. The wife probably died in child-bed. The fact that he has a picture-book under his arm shows that there is another child to be thought of."

I began to understand what my friend meant when he said that his brother possessed even keener faculties than he did himself. He glanced across at me, and smiled. Mycroft took snuff from a tortoise-shell box, and brushed away the wandering grains from his coat front with a large, red silk handkerchief.

"By the way, Sherlock," said he, "I have had something quite after your own heart—a most singular problem—submitted to my judgment. I really had not the energy to follow it up, save in a very incomplete fashion, but it gave me a basis for some very pleasing speculations. If you would

care to hear the facts—"

"My dear Mycroft, I should be delighted."

The brother scribbled a note upon a leaf of his pocket-book, and ringing the bell, he handed it to the waiter.

"I have asked Mr. Melas to step across," said he. "He lodges on the floor above me, and I have some slight acquaintance with him, which led him to come to me in his perplexity. Mr. Melas is a Greek by extraction, as I understand, and he is a remarkable



MYCROFT HOLMES.

linguist. He earns his living partly as interpreter in the law courts, and partly by acting as guide to any wealthy Orientals who may visit the Northumberland Avenue hotels. I think I will leave him to tell his very remarkable experience in his own fashion."

A few minutes later we were joined by a short, stout man, whose olive face and coal-black hair proclaimed his southern origin, though his speech was that of an educated Englishman. He shook hands eagerly with Sherlock Holmes, and his dark eyes sparkled with pleasure when he understood that the specialist was anxious to hear his story.

"I do not believe that the police credit me—on my word I do not," said he, in a wailing voice. "Just because they have never heard of it before, they think that such a thing cannot be. But I know that I shall never be easy in my mind until I know what has become of my poor man with the sticking-plaster upon his face."

"I am all attention," said Sherlock Holmes.

"This is Wednesday evening," said Mr. Melas; "well, then, it was on Monday night—only two days ago, you understand—that all this happened. I am an interpreter, as, perhaps, my neighbour there has told you. I interpret all languages—or nearly all—but as I am a Greek by birth, and with a Grecian name, it is with that particular tongue that I am principally associated. For many years I have been the chief Greek interpreter in London, and my name is very well known in the hotels.

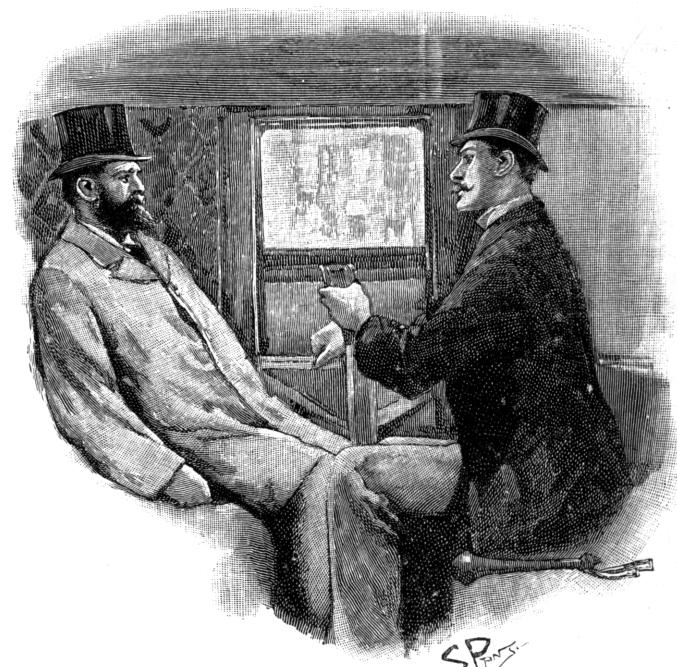
"It happens, not unfrequently, that I am sent for at strange hours, by foreigners who get into difficulties, or by travellers who arrive late and wish my services. I was not surprised, therefore, on Monday night when a Mr. Latimer, a very fashionably-dressed young man, came up to my rooms and asked me to accompany him in a cab, which was waiting at the door. A Greek friend had come to see him upon business, he said, and, as he could speak nothing but his own tongue, the services of an

interpreter were indispensable. He gave me to understand that his house was some little distance off, in Kensington, and he seemed to be in a great hurry, bustling me rapidly into the cab when we had descended to the street.

"I say into the cab, but I soon became doubtful as to whether it was not a carriage in which I found myself. It was certainly more roomy than the ordinary four-wheeled disgrace to London, and the fittings, though frayed, were of rich quality. Mr. Latimer seated himself opposite to me, and we started off through Charing Cross and up the Shaftesbury Avenue. We had come out upon Oxford Street, and I had ventured some remark as to this being a roundabout way to Kensington, when my words were arrested by the extraordinary conduct of my companion.

"He began by drawing a most formidable-looking bludgeon loaded with lead from his pocket, and switching it backwards and forwards several times, as if to test its weight and strength. Then he placed it, without a word, upon the seat beside him. Having done this he drew up the windows on each side, and I found to my astonishment that they were covered with paper so as to prevent my seeing through them.

"I am sorry to cut off your view, Mr. Melas," said he. "The fact is that I have



"HE DREW UP THE WINDOWS."

no intention that you should see what the place is to which we are driving. It might possibly be inconvenient to me if you could find your way there again.'

"As you can imagine, I was utterly taken aback by such an address. My companion was a powerful, broad-shouldered young fellow, and, apart from the weapon, I should not have had the slightest chance in a struggle with him.

"This is very extraordinary conduct, Mr. Latimer,' I stammered. 'You must be aware that what you are doing is quite illegal.'

"It is somewhat of a liberty, no doubt,' said he, 'but we'll make it up to you. But I must warn you, however, Mr. Melas, that if at any time to-night you attempt to raise an alarm or do anything which is against my interests, you will find it a very serious thing. I beg you to remember that no one knows where you are, and that whether you are in this carriage or in my house, you are equally in my power.'

"His words were quiet, but he had a rasping way of saying them which was very menacing. I sat in silence, wondering what on earth could be his reason for kidnapping me in this extraordinary fashion. Whatever it might be, it was perfectly clear that there was no possible use in my resisting, and that I could only wait to see what might befall.

"For nearly two hours we drove without my having the least clue as to where we were going. Sometimes the rattle of the stones told of a paved causeway, and at others our smooth, silent course suggested asphalte, but save by this variation in sound there was nothing at all which could in the remotest way help me to form a guess as to where we were. The paper over each window was impenetrable to light, and a blue curtain was drawn across the glass-work in front. It was a quarter past seven when we left Pall Mall, and my watch showed me that it was ten minutes to nine when we at last came to a standstill. My companion let down the window and I caught a glimpse of a low, arched doorway with a lamp burning above it. As I was hurried from the carriage it swung open, and I found myself inside the house, with a vague impression of a lawn and trees on each side of me as I entered. Whether these were private grounds, however, or *bonâ-fide* country was more than I could possibly venture to say.

"There was a coloured gas-lamp inside which was turned so low that I could see little save that the hall was of some size and hung with

pictures. In the dim light I could make out that the person who had opened the door was a small, mean-looking, middle-aged man with rounded shoulders. As he turned towards us the glint of the light showed me that he was wearing glasses.

"'Is this Mr. Melas, Harold?' said he.

"'Yes.'

"'Well done! Well done! No ill-will, Mr. Melas, I hope, but we could not get on without you. If you deal fair with us you'll not regret it; but if you try any tricks, God help you!'

"He spoke in a jerky, nervous fashion, and with little giggling laughs in between, but somehow he impressed me with fear more than the other.

"'What do you want with me?' I asked.

"'Only to ask a few questions of a Greek gentleman who is visiting us, and to let us have the answers. But say no more than you are told to say, or'—here came the nervous giggle again—'you had better never have been born.'

"As he spoke he opened a door and showed the way into a room which appeared to be very richly furnished—but again the only light was afforded by a single lamp half turned down. The chamber was certainly large, and the way in which my feet sank into the carpet as I stepped across it told me of its richness. I caught glimpses of velvet chairs, a high, white marble mantelpiece, and what seemed to be a suit of Japanese armour at one side of it. There was a chair just under the lamp, and the elderly man motioned that I should sit in it. The younger had left us, but he suddenly returned through another door, leading with him a gentleman clad in some sort of loose dressing-gown, who moved slowly towards us. As he came into the circle of dim light which enabled me to see him more clearly, I was thrilled with horror at his appearance. He was deadly pale and terribly emaciated, with the protruding, brilliant eyes of a man whose spirit is greater than his strength. But what shocked me more than any signs of physical weakness was that his face was grotesquely criss-crossed with sticking-plaster, and that one large pad of it was fastened over his mouth.

"'Have you the slate, Harold?' cried the older man, as this strange being fell rather than sat down into a chair. 'Are his hands loose? Now then, give him the pencil. You are to ask the questions, Mr. Melas, and he will write the answers. Ask him first of all whether he is prepared to sign the papers.'



"I WAS THRILLED WITH HORROR."

"The man's eyes flashed fire.

"'Never,' he wrote in Greek upon the slate.

"'On no conditions?' I asked at the bidding of our tyrant.

"'Only if I see her married in my presence by a Greek priest whom I know.'

"The man giggled in his venomous way.

"'You know what awaits you then?'

"'I care nothing for myself.'

"These are samples of the questions and answers which made up our strange half-spoken, half-written conversation. Again and again I had to ask him whether he would give in and sign the document. Again and again I had the same indignant reply. But soon a happy thought came to me. I took to adding on little sentences of my own to each question—innocent ones at first to test whether either of our companions knew anything of the matter, and then, as I found that they showed no sign, I played a more dangerous game. Our conversation ran something like this:—

"'You can do no good by this obstinacy. *Who are you?*'

"'I care not. *I am a stranger in London.*'

"'Your fate will be on your own head. *How long have you been here?*'

"'Let it be so. *Three weeks.*'

"'The property can never be yours. *What ails you?*'

"'It shall not go to villains. *They are starving me.*'

"'You shall go free if you sign. *What house is this?*'

"'I will never sign. *I do not know.*'

"'You are not doing her any service. *What is your name?*'

"'Let me hear her say so. *Kratides.*'

"'You shall see her if you sign. *Where are you from?*'

"'Then I shall never see her. *Athens.*'

"'Another five minutes, Mr. Holmes, and I should have wormed out the whole

story under their very noses. My very next question might have cleared the matter up, but at that instant the door opened and a woman stepped into the room. I could not see her clearly enough to know more than that she was tall and graceful, with black hair, and clad in some sort of loose, white gown.

"'Harold!' said she, speaking English with a broken accent, 'I could not stay away longer. It is so lonely up there with only—oh, my God, it is Paul!'

"These last words were in Greek, and at the same instant the man, with a convulsive effort, tore the plaster from his lips, and screaming out 'Sophy! Sophy!' rushed into the woman's arms. Their embrace was but for an instant, however, for the younger man seized the woman and pushed her out of the room, while the elder easily overpowered his emaciated victim, and dragged him away through the other door. For a moment I was left alone in the room, and I sprang to my feet with some vague idea that I might in some way get a clue to what this house was in which I found myself. Fortunately, however, I took no steps, for, looking



"SOPHY! SOPHY!"

up, I saw that the older man was standing in the doorway, with his eyes fixed upon me.

"That will do, Mr. Melas," said he. "You perceive that we have taken you into our confidence over some very private business. We should not have troubled you only that our friend who speaks Greek and who began these negotiations has been forced to return to the East. It was quite necessary for us to find someone to take his place, and we were fortunate in hearing of your powers."

"I bowed.

"There are five sovereigns here," said he, walking up to me, "which will, I hope, be a sufficient fee. But remember," he added, tapping me lightly on the chest and giggling, "if you speak to a human soul about this—one human soul mind, well, may God have mercy upon your soul!"

"I cannot tell you the loathing and horror with which this insignificant-looking man inspired me. I could see him better now as the lamp-light shone upon him. His features were peaty and sallow, and his little, pointed

beard was thready and ill nourished. He pushed his face forward as he spoke, and his lips and eyelids were continually twitching like a man with St. Vitus's dance. I could not help thinking that his strange, catchy little laugh was also a symptom of some nervous malady. The terror of his face lay in his eyes, however, steel grey, and glistening coldly, with a malignant, inexorable cruelty in their depths.

"We shall know if you speak of this," said he. "We have our own means of information. Now, you will find the carriage waiting, and my friend will see you on your way."

"I was hurried through the hall, and into the vehicle, again obtaining that momentary glimpse of

trees and a garden. Mr. Latimer followed closely at my heels, and took his place opposite to me without a word. In silence we again drove for an interminable distance, with the windows raised, until at last, just after midnight, the carriage pulled up.

"You will get down here, Mr. Melas," said my companion. "I am sorry to leave you so far from your house, but there is no alternative. Any attempt upon your part to follow the carriage can only end in injury to yourself."

"He opened the door as he spoke, and I had hardly time to spring out when the coachman lashed the horse, and the carriage rattled away. I looked round me in astonishment. I was on some sort of a heathy common, mottled over with dark clumps of furze bushes. Far away stretched a line of houses with a light here and there in the upper windows. On the other side I saw the red signal lamps of a railway.

"The carriage which had brought me was

already out of sight. I stood gazing round and wondering where on earth I might be, when I saw someone coming towards me in the darkness.

As he came up to me I made out that it was a railway porter.

"Can you tell me what place this is?" I asked.

"Wandsworth Common," said he.

"Can I get a train into town?"

"If you walk on a mile or so, to Clapham Junction," said he, "you'll just be in time for the last to Victoria."

"So that was the end of my adventure, Mr. Holmes. I do not know where I was nor whom I spoke with, nor anything, save what I have told you. But I know that there is foul play going on, and I want to help that unhappy man if I can. I told the whole story to Mr. Mycroft Holmes next morning and, subsequently, to the police."

We all sat in silence for some little time after listening to this extraordinary narrative. Then Sherlock looked across at his brother.

"Any steps?" he asked.

Mycroft picked up the *Daily News*, which was lying on a side table.

"Anybody supplying any information as to the whereabouts of a Greek gentleman named Paul Kratides, from Athens, who is unable to speak English, will be rewarded. A similar reward paid to anyone giving information about a Greek lady whose first name is Sophy. X 2473." That was in all the dailies. No answer."

"How about the Greek Legation?"

"I have inquired. They know nothing."

"A wire to the head of the Athens police, then."

"Sherlock has all the energy of the family,"

said Mycroft, turning to me. "Well, you take the case up by all means, and let me know if you do any good."

"Certainly," answered my friend, rising from his chair. "I'll let you know, and Mr. Melas also. In the meantime, Mr. Melas, I should certainly be on my guard, if I were you, for, of course, they must know through these advertisements that you have betrayed them."

As we walked home together Holmes stopped at a telegraph office and sent off several wires.

"You see, Watson," he remarked, "our evening has been by no means wasted. Some of my most interesting cases have

come to me in this way through Mycroft. The problem which we have just listened to, although it can admit of but one explanation, has still some distinguishing features."

"You have hopes of solving it?"

"Well, knowing as much as we do, it will be singular indeed if we fail to discover the rest. You must yourself have formed some theory which will explain the facts to which we have listened."

"In a vague way, yes."

"What was your idea then?"

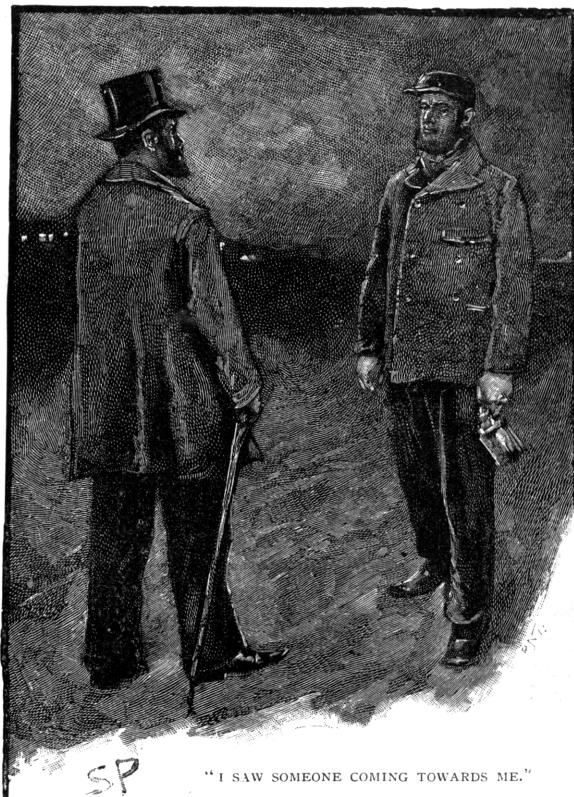
"It seemed to me to be obvious that this Greek girl had been carried off by the young Englishman named Harold Latimer."

"Carried off from where?"

"Athens, perhaps."

Sherlock Holmes shook his head. "This young man could not talk a word of Greek. The lady could talk English fairly well. Inference that she had been in England some little time, but he had not been in Greece."

"Well, then, we will presume that she had



"I SAW SOMEONE COMING TOWARDS ME."

come on a visit to England, and that this Harold had persuaded her to fly with him."

"That is the more probable."

"Then the brother—for that, I fancy, must be the relationship—comes over from Greece to interfere. He imprudently puts himself into the power of the young man and his older associate. They seize him and use violence towards him in order to make him sign some papers to make over the girl's fortune—of which he may be trustee—to them. This he refuses to do. In order to negotiate with him they have to get an interpreter, and they pitch upon this Mr. Melas, having used some other one before. The girl is not told of the arrival of her brother, and finds it out by the merest accident."

"Excellent, Watson," cried Holmes. "I really fancy that you are not far from the truth. You see that we hold all the cards, and we have only to fear some sudden act of violence on their part. If they give us time we must have them."

"But how can we find where this house lies?"

"Well, if our conjecture is correct, and the girl's name is, or was, Sophy Kratides, we should have no difficulty in tracing her. That must be our main hope, for the brother, of course, is a complete stranger. It is clear that some time has elapsed since this Harold established these relations with the girl—some weeks at any rate—since the brother in Greece has had time to hear of it and come across. If they have been living in the same place during this time, it is probable that we shall have some answer to Mycroft's advertisement."

We had reached our house in Baker Street whilst we had been talking. Holmes ascended the stairs first, and as he opened the door of our room he gave a start of surprise. Looking over his shoulder I was equally astonished. His brother Mycroft was sitting smoking in the arm-chair.

"Come in, Sherlock! Come in, sir," said he,

blandly, smiling at our surprised faces. "You don't expect such energy from me, do you, Sherlock? But somehow this case attracts me."

"How did you get here?"

"I passed you in a hansom."

"There has been some new development?"

"I had an answer to my advertisement."

"Ah!"

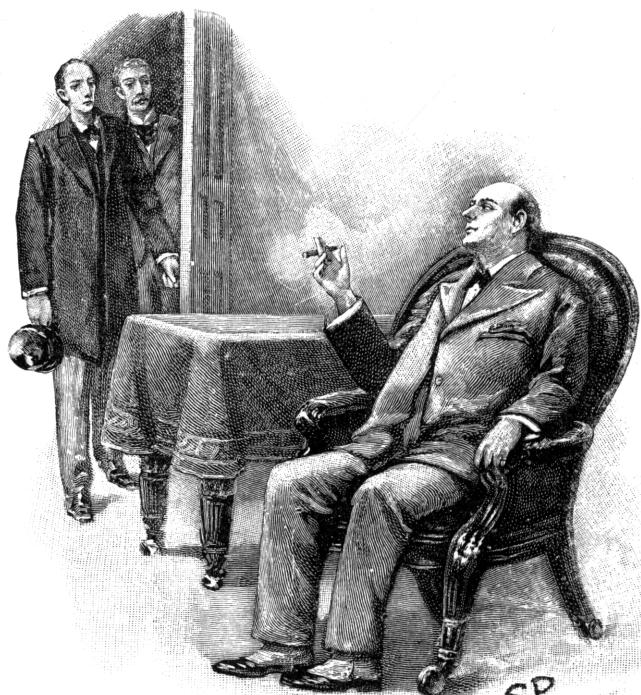
"Yes; it came within a few minutes of your leaving."

"And to what effect?"

Mycroft Holmes took out a sheet of paper.

"Here it is," said he, "written with a J pen on royal cream paper by a middle-aged man with a weak constitution. 'Sir,' he says, 'in answer to your advertisement of to-day's date, I beg to inform you that I know the young lady in question very well. If you should care to call upon me, I could give you some particulars as to her painful history. She is living at present at The Myrtles, Beckenham. Yours faithfully, J. DAVENPORT."

"He writes from Lower Brixton," said Mycroft Holmes. "Do you not think that we might drive to him now, Sherlock, and learn these particulars?"



"My dear Mycroft, the brother's life is more valuable than the sister's story. I think we should call at Scotland Yard for Inspector Gregson, and go straight out to Beckenham. We know that a man is being done to death, and every hour may be vital."

"Better pick up Mr. Melas upon our way," I suggested; "we may need an interpreter."

"Excellent!" said Sherlock Holmes. "Send the boy for a four-wheeler, and we shall be off at once." He opened the table-drawer as he spoke, and I noticed that he slipped his revolver into his pocket. "Yes," said he, in answer to my glance, "I should say from what we have heard that we are dealing with a particularly dangerous gang."

It was almost dark before we found ourselves in Pall Mall, at the rooms of Mr. Melas. A gentleman had just called for him, and he was gone.

"Can you tell me where?" asked Mycroft Holmes.

"I don't know, sir," answered the woman who had opened the door. "I only know that he drove away with the gentleman in a carriage."

"Did the gentleman give a name?"

"No, sir."

"He wasn't a tall, handsome, dark young man?"

"Oh, no, sir. He was a little gentleman, with glasses, thin in the face, but very pleasant in his ways, for he was laughing all the time that he was talking."

"Come along!" cried Sherlock Holmes, abruptly. "This grows serious!" he observed, as we drove to Scotland Yard. "These men have got hold of Melas again. He is a man of no physical courage, as they are well aware from their experience the other night. This villain was able to terrorize him the instant that he got into his presence. No doubt they want his professional services; but, having used him, they may be inclined to punish him for what they will regard as his treachery."

Our hope was that by taking train we might get to Beckenham as soon as, or sooner, than the carriage. On reaching Scotland Yard, however, it was more than an hour before we could get Inspector Gregson and comply with the legal formalities which would enable us to enter the house. It was a quarter to ten before we reached London Bridge, and half-past before the four of us alighted on the Beckenham platform. A drive of half a mile brought us to the Myrtles—a large, dark house standing back from the road in its own grounds. Here we dismissed our cab, and made our way up the drive together.

"The windows are all dark," remarked the Inspector. "The house seems deserted."

"Our birds are flown and the nest empty," said Holmes.

"Why do you say so?"

"A carriage heavily loaded with luggage has passed out during the last hour."

The Inspector laughed. "I saw the wheel-tracks in the light of the gate-lamp, but where does the luggage come in?"

"You may have observed the same wheel-tracks going the other way. But the outward-bound ones were very much deeper—so much so that we can say for a certainty that there was a very considerable weight on the carriage."

"You get a trifle beyond me there," said the Inspector, shrugging his shoulders. "It will not be an easy door to force. But we will try if we cannot make someone hear us."

He hammered loudly at the knocker and pulled at the bell, but without any success. Holmes had slipped away, but he came back in a few minutes.

"I have a window open," said he.

"It is a mercy that you are on the side of the force, and not against it, Mr. Holmes," remarked the Inspector, as he noted the clever way in which my friend had forced back the catch. "Well, I think that, under the circumstances, we may enter without waiting for an invitation."

One after the other we made our way into a large apartment, which was evidently that in which Mr. Melas had found himself. The Inspector had lit his lantern, and by its light we could see the two doors, the curtain, the lamp and the suit of Japanese mail as he had described them. On the table lay two glasses, an empty brandy bottle, and the remains of a meal.

"What is that?" asked Holmes, suddenly.

We all stood still and listened. A low, moaning sound was coming from somewhere above our heads. Holmes rushed to the door and out into the hall. The dismal noise came from upstairs. He dashed up, the Inspector and I at his heels, while his brother, Mycroft, followed as quickly as his great bulk would permit.

Three doors faced us upon the second floor, and it was from the central of these that the sinister sounds were issuing, sinking sometimes into a dull murmur and rising again into a shrill whine. It was locked, but the key was on the outside. Holmes flung open the door and rushed in, but he was out again in an instant with his hand to his throat,

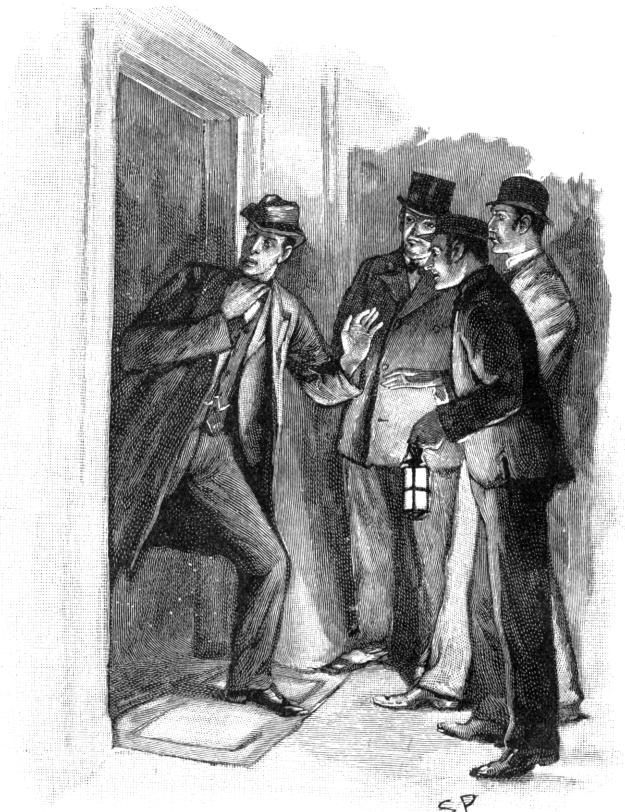
"It's charcoal," he cried.
"Give it time. It will clear."

Peering in we could see that the only light in the room came from a dull, blue flame, which flickered from a small brass tripod in the centre. It threw a livid, unnatural circle upon the floor, while in the shadows beyond we saw the vague loom of two figures, which crouched against the wall. From the open door there reeked a horrible, poisonous exhalation, which set us gasping and coughing. Holmes rushed to the top of the stairs to draw in the fresh air, and then, dashing into the room, he threw up the window and hurled the brazen tripod out into the garden.

"We can enter in a minute," he gasped, darting out again. "Where is a candle? I doubt if we could strike a match in that atmosphere. Hold the light at the door and we shall get them out, Mycroft. Now!"

With a rush we got to the poisoned men and dragged them out on to the landing. Both of them were blue lipped and insensible, with swollen, congested faces and protruding eyes. Indeed, so distorted were their features that save for his black beard and stout figure we might have failed to recognise in one of them the Greek interpreter who had parted from us only a few hours before at the Diogenes Club. His hands and feet were securely strapped together, and he bore over one eye the mark of a violent blow. The other, who was secured in a similar fashion, was a tall man in the last stage of emaciation, with several strips of sticking-plaster arranged in a grotesque pattern over his face. He had ceased to moan as we laid him down, and a glance showed me that for him, at least, our aid had come too late. Mr. Melas, however, still lived, and in less than an hour, with the aid of ammonia and brandy, I had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes, and of knowing that my hand had drawn him back from the dark valley in which all paths meet.

It was a simple story which he had to tell,



SP

"'IT'S CHARCOAL,' HE CRIED."

and one which did but confirm our own deductions. His visitor on entering his rooms had drawn a life preserver from his sleeve, and had so impressed him with the fear of instant and inevitable death, that he had kidnapped him for the second time. Indeed, it was almost mesmeric the effect which this giggling ruffian had produced upon the unfortunate linguist, for he could not speak of him save with trembling hands and a blanched cheek. He had been taken swiftly to Beckenham, and had acted as interpreter in a second interview, even more dramatic than the first, in which the two Englishmen had menaced their prisoner with instant death if he did not comply with their demands. Finally, finding him proof against every threat, they had hurled him back into his prison, and after reproaching Melas with his treachery, which appeared from the newspaper advertisement, they had stunned him with a blow from a stick, and he remembered nothing more until he found us bending over him.

And this was the singular case of the

Grecian Interpreter, the explanation of which is still involved in some mystery. We were able to find out, by communicating with the gentleman who had answered the advertisement, that the unfortunate young lady came of a wealthy Grecian family, and that she had been on a visit to some friends in England. While there she had met a young man named Harold Latimer, who had acquired an ascendancy over her, and had eventually persuaded her to fly with him. Her friends, shocked at the event, had contented themselves with informing her brother at Athens, and had then washed their hands of the matter. The brother, on his arrival in England, had imprudently placed himself in the power of Latimer, and of his associate, whose name was Wilson Kemp—a man of the foulest antecedents. These two, finding that through his ignorance of the language he was helpless in their hands, had kept him a prisoner, and had endeavoured, by cruelty and starvation, to make him sign away his own and his sister's property. They had kept him in the house without the girl's knowledge, and the plaster over the face had been for the purpose of making recognition difficult in case she should ever catch a glimpse of him. Her

feminine perceptions, however, had instantly seen through the disguise when, on the occasion of the interpreter's first visit, she had seen him for the first time. The poor girl, however, was herself a prisoner, for there was no one about the house except the man who acted as coachman, and his wife, both of whom were tools of the conspirators. Finding that their secret was out and that their prisoner was not to be coerced, the two villains, with the girl, had fled away at a few hours' notice from the furnished house which they had hired, having first, as they thought, taken vengeance both upon the man who had defied and the one who had betrayed them.

Months afterwards a curious newspaper cutting reached us from Buda-Pesth. It told how two Englishmen who had been travelling with a woman had met with a tragic end. They had each been stabbed, it seems, and the Hungarian police were of opinion that they had quarrelled and had inflicted mortal injuries upon each other. Holmes, however, is, I fancy, of a different way of thinking, and he holds to this day that if one could find the Grecian girl one might learn how the wrongs of herself and her brother came to be avenged.

Part 2



primitive forms of dials, such as were used in Saxon, Norman, Early English, and mediæval times, and which, naturally enough, have a special charm of their own. A good hunting-ground for them, it seems to me, is on the south walls or doorways of our Norman and Early English churches, especially those which have escaped so-called "restoration."

There is one at Lyminge, on the south wall of the venerable church, well worthy of notice. The church itself, Bevan quotes as being one of the three most interesting in Kent, as well as one of the most ancient in the country. It has distinct traces of Roman and Anglo-Saxon masonry, the fact being that a Roman basilica first of all existed there, then a Saxon church was built on its site, and later another church, which was added to by different Archbishops — Wareham, Cardinal Morton, and others.

Of the basilica, the foundations and portions of the apse were brought to light by the efforts of the well-known enthusiast in things antiquarian, Canon Jenkins (who is rector and vicar of Lyminge); he himself telling me many interesting facts pertaining to the dial. It is cut rudely, but to a considerable depth, on a stone which undoubtedly originally formed part of a Roman villa (Villa

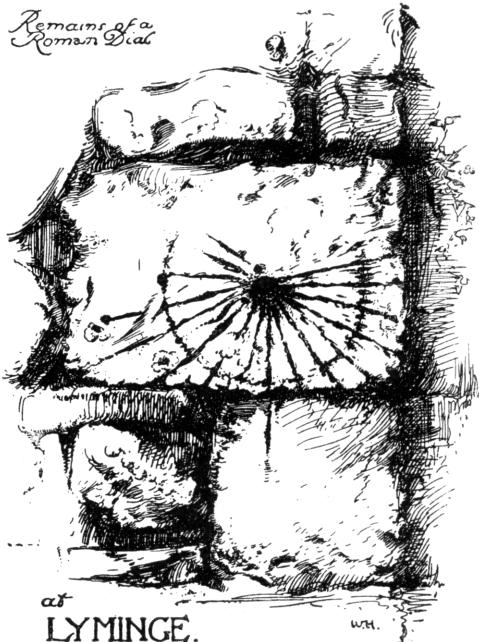
The

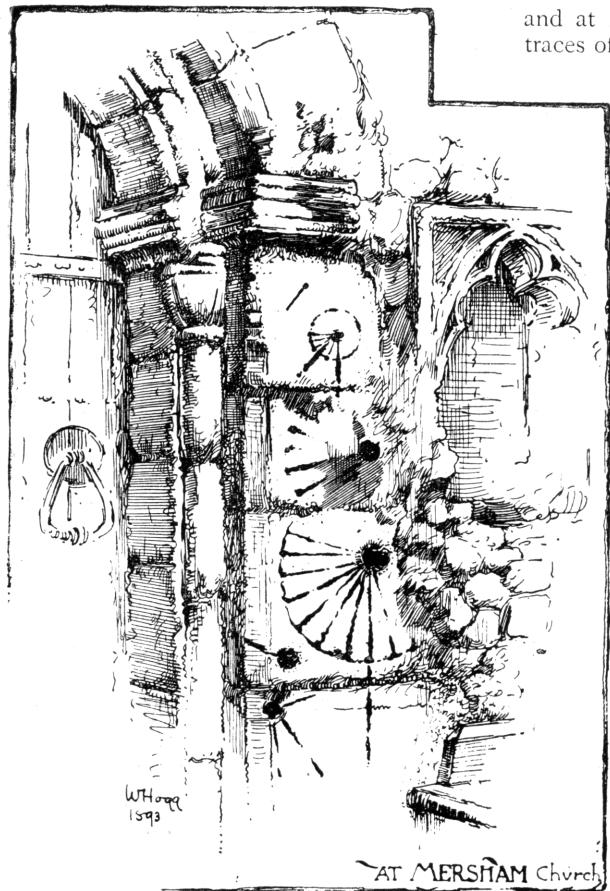
visitor occasionally finds in out-of-the-way places

Maxima de Lyminge), and is now built as one of the corner stones into the south wall of the nave, which wall was St. Dunstan's work (about 965 A.D.). Its position is about 5ft. 4in. above the present ground level, and about 14ft. to the right of an inscription pointing out the burial-place of St. Ethelburga, the Queen (633—647 A.D.), daughter of King Ethelbert and wife of Edwin of Northumbria.

At Mersham — a little village between Smeeth and Ashford — there are to be seen

*Remains of a
Roman Dial*





AT MERSHAM Church

traces of no fewer than seven ancient circular dials on the south doorway of the church (mainly Early English), five being on the right-hand side and two on the left, a protecting porch of later date helping to preserve them. The largest one measures 9 in. in diameter, and is still very distinct, the hole where the style, or gnomon, had originally been is deep, and about 3 ft. above ground-level, and the radiating hour lines, ten in number, are regular in their disposition and end in little drilled holes. The other dials are irregular, partially obliterated, and so arbitrary in their arrangement that it is somewhat puzzling to decide as to how they could all of them have possibly told the same time.

At Barfreston Church is a dial somewhat of the same type carved on the left-hand side of the richly-decorated Norman south doorway;

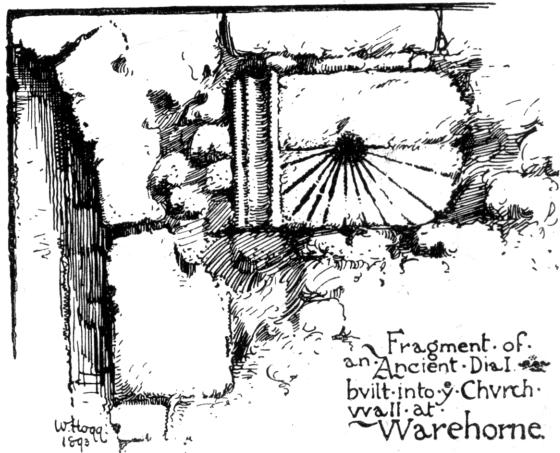
and at Patrixbourne, on a similar doorway, traces of four dials may be distinctly seen.

Smeeth and Swingfield churches both possess dials of a like character, but in the latter case they have been partly choked up with cement, apparently at the time of the restoration of the church a few years ago.

At Warehorne Church (mainly Early English) is a stone built into the wall about 4 ft. above the present ground level and 1 ft. to the right of a south doorway, upon which is carved an ancient vertical dial, which evidently belonged to a still earlier edifice.

In Dover Museum is a curious type of dial which, according to Mr. Loftus Brock, is of Roman workmanship. It was found in 1862, in Dover, on the site of the ancient Church of St. Martin's-le-Grand (founded by Wictred, King of Kent, 693—725 A.D.). It is a cube of oolite, between four and five inches square, with one heart-shaped, two semi-cylindrical, and two triangular-formed dials hollowed out of its sides. The Rev. R. Dixon, another expert on the subject, is of opinion that it was an engraved horizontal dial, made originally for some site in Central France or Switzerland, and brought

to Dover with the expectation that it would give the correct solar time there. A similar mistake was made in the year 263 B.C., by Valerius Messala, who, under the same belief,



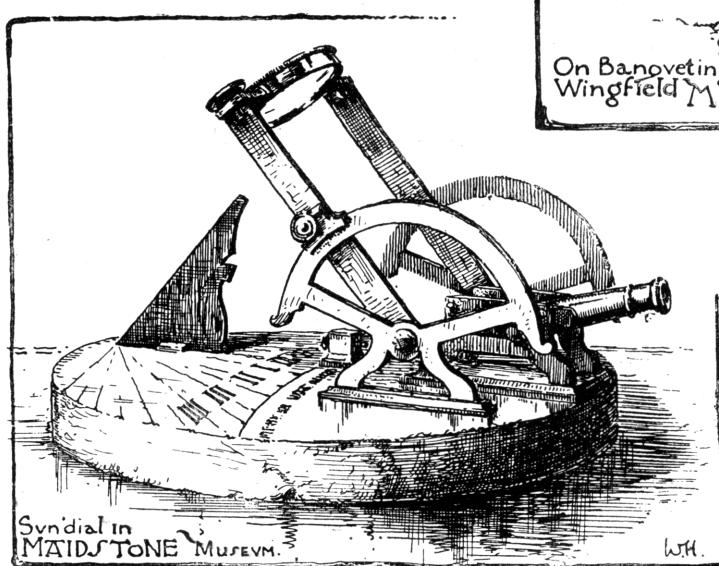
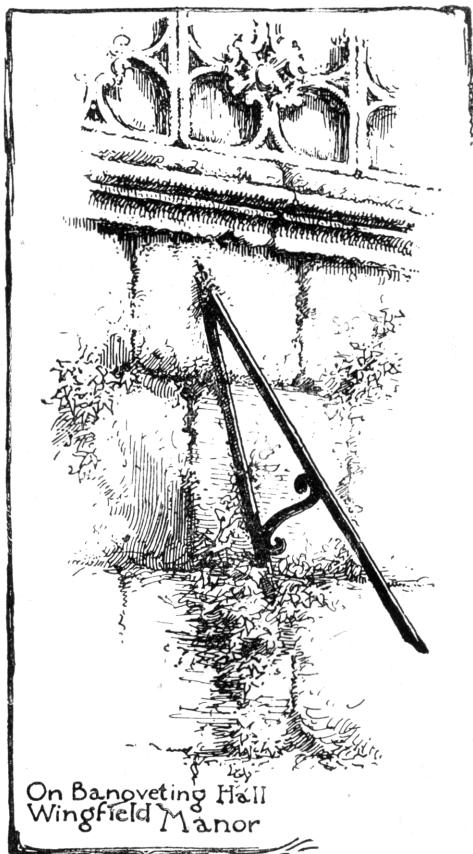


brought a Sicilian sun-dial to Rome. But which ever view is right (and both theories are of interest) it seems to me to be more fascinating to dream about the story of the centuries this sun-kissed stone — had it speech — could tell us, ere it was ticketed and shelved in a local museum.

One does not often come across a cannon sun-dial, like the one given in my sketch. It is in the entrance-hall of Chillington Manor House, now Maidstone Museum, and embodies a decidedly ingenious idea. My readers will note that a burning-glass is carefully focused over the touchhole of a

miniature loaded cannon, timed to go off each day at noon: it is made of metal and is fixed to a circular slab of marble, about a foot and a half in diameter, upon which are cut the radiating hour-lines of the dial and its maker's name, as follows:—

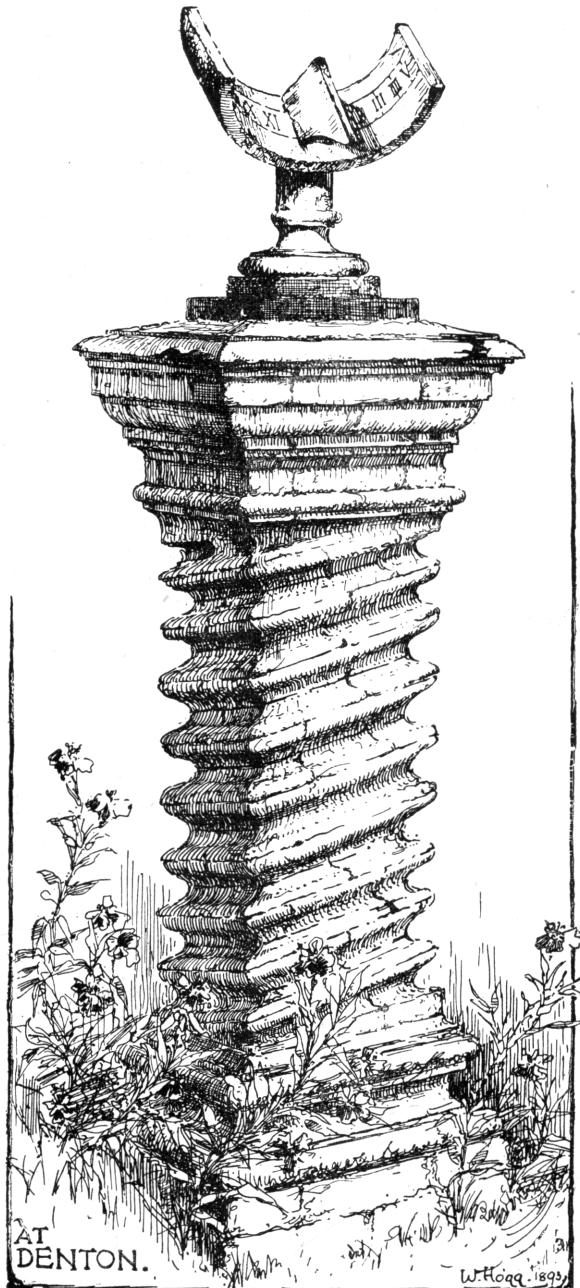
"Victor Chevalier Jng^r Brev^t Quai de l'Horloge 77 à Paris."



On the ruins of Wingfield Manor, in Derbyshire, are still to be seen two dials, simple in form and design, which were placed there some time about 1678 by Immanuel Halton, astronomer and mathematician, to whom the Manor House then belonged, and who during his life made many alterations to render

the place, shattered by Cromwell and his followers, fit for his abode. The dial given is over the bay window of the Banqueting Hall — the fine tracery of which still remains intact—the other being placed over one of the windows adjoining the State rooms. Wingfield Manor House is rich in historic associations. It is mentioned in Doomsday Book, and was given by William of Normandy to his illegitimate son, William Peverel. It afterwards became the home of Ralph, Lord Cromwell (Henry VI., Treasurer of the Exchequer). Mary Queen of Scots passed many long months of captivity there in one of the western apartments of the inner quadrangle, and later it was the scene of one of the most obstinately contested struggles that mark that unhappy period when King Charles I. fought for his crown and his Parliament for its power.

At the little village of Denton, a few miles from Canterbury, in a cottage garden, stands a fine red brick and plaster dial of quite another type. It is about fifty years old, and was built by one Richard Webb, a master mason; the workmanship is truly



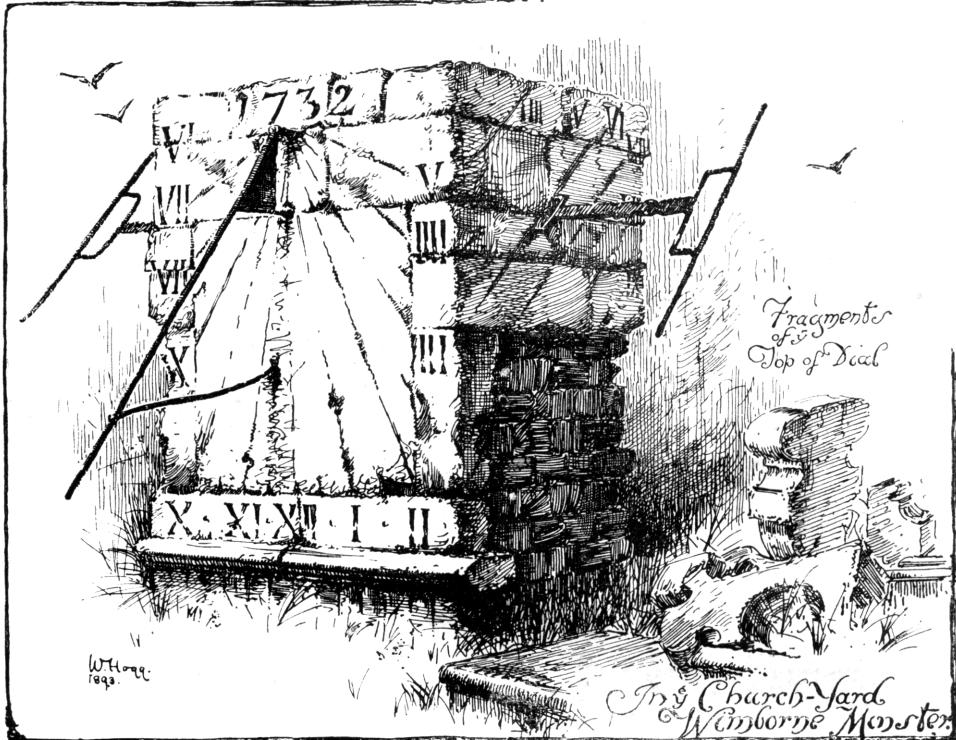
excellent, the mortar-joints throughout not being more than one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. The porch of the cottage is by the same cunning hand, and attracts much attention by reason of its fine craftsmanship.

Wimborne Minster, Dorset, boasts a dial which must not be missed. It is dated 1732, and used to be perched on the gable of the north transept; but when Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., the eminent architect, restored the church some few years ago, it was taken down and placed temporarily under the yew tree in the Minster yard, where, alas!

it stands "unto this day."

It was not deemed desirable, owing to its great weight, to replace it in its original position, and Mr. Pearson has designed for it a fine pedestal, so that it can eventually be placed somewhere to the south-west of the

Minster yard; a lack of funds being the only preventive to this becoming *un fait accompli*. It is of stone, 6ft. in height; its south face is 4ft. in width, and its east and west faces 3ft. respectively, each of which bears a gnomon—a somewhat unusual feature.



In the garden of the residence of J. Cresswell, Esq., C.E., at Dover, is a dial with five gnomons upon a handsome stone pedestal; the plate is of slate, designed and engraved by R. Melvin, London, but no date is given. The largest gnomon is in the centre, and the four smaller, of equal dimensions, at each corner. Upon the plate are engraved three mottoes, as follows:—

“Sic transit gloria mundi”

(*So passeth the glory of the world away*).

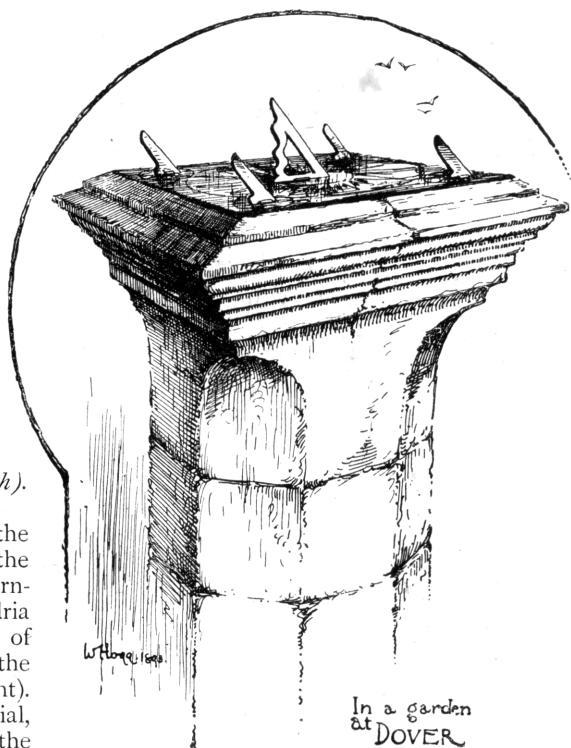
“Horas non numero nisi serenas”

(*I count the bright hours only*).

“Sol non oxidat super iracundiam vestram”

(*Let not the sun go down upon your wrath*).
Ephes. iv. 26.

The large gnomon in the centre of the plate gives our own solar time, that in the N.W. corner gives New York time (morning), that in the N.E. corner Alexandria time (afternoon), that in the S.W. Isle of Borneo time (evening), and that in the S.E. corner New Zealand time (night). On the outer border of the central dial, immediately beyond the numerals, the



In a garden
at DOVER

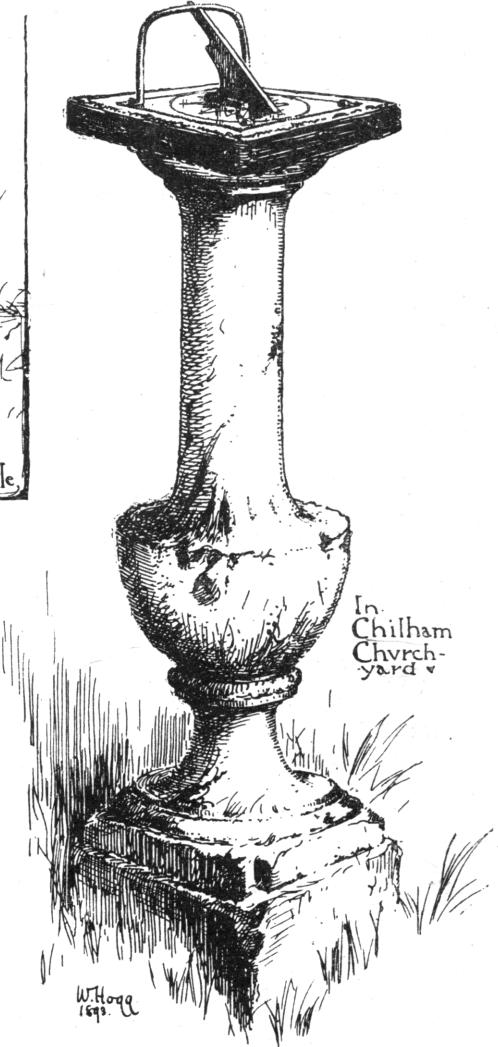


At CHILHAM Castle,

names of sixty-nine places are engraved, so that practically the time the world over may be readily calculated. The outside measure of the pedestal is slightly under 2ft. square, and the whole is rather over 4ft. in height. It is picturesquely situated on the Dover Hills—Dover Castle, which is quite close, lying due east of it; in short, it is a fascinating and singularly complete dial, with a delightful surrounding.

A few miles from Canterbury, in the beautiful grounds which surround Chilham Castle and House, is a richly designed dial, which was put up between 1741 and 1774. The pedestal, elaborately carved, is of stone much weathered and time-worn; the metal plate is richly engraved, and bears the crest and arms of the Colebrooks—a Hampshire family—and the maker's name, "Thomas Wright, Instrument Maker to H.M. George Vol. vi.—41.

II." Before saying good-bye to this pleasant example of dial-craft let us glance at the castle ruins, which consist of an octagonal Norman keep of three stories, the remainder having been pulled down at different times. The first defensive position here was probably a Roman camp, and subsequently to this it was said that King Lucius, a Brito-Roman chief, erected a fortress, afterwards enlarged by the Saxon kings. After the Conquest it came into the hands of Sir Fulbert de Dover (one of the Dover Castle Knights); and in the seventeenth century Sir Dudley Digges erected an entirely new house, which descended from him to the Colebrooks (whose arms are upon the dial), and lastly to the family



In
Chilham
Chvrch-
yard

of the Hardys, its present owners, to whose courtesy I am indebted for permission to make the sketch and for the information here given.

In the churchyard, which is adjacent to the Castle grounds, is a dial in all probability designed by the famous Inigo Jones—note the graceful form of the stone shaft and the simple line of the gnomon, with its curious stout copper support, which Mr. Charles Hardy told me was placed there after an attempt had been made to wrench the gnomon from the plate. The maker's name, "G. Stedman, London," but with no date, is engraved on the dial-plate.

In Dean Hole's garden, at Rochester, is a stone dial, shaped somewhat like a thick, short anchor, surmounting a simple square pedestal; it marks the boundary-line between the two parishes of St. Margaret and St.

Nicholas. The Dean pointed out to me that the anchor part turns readily on a pivot, and on the south side of the pedestal is fixed an engraved metal plate, giving a table of equations, by which the anchor may be adjusted to tell the true time at any period of the year. The total height is about 5ft. 6in., and the whole is of grey stone; and so covered over with moss and damp-stain was it, that I had to scrape a considerable amount of it off before I could decipher even one single numeral.

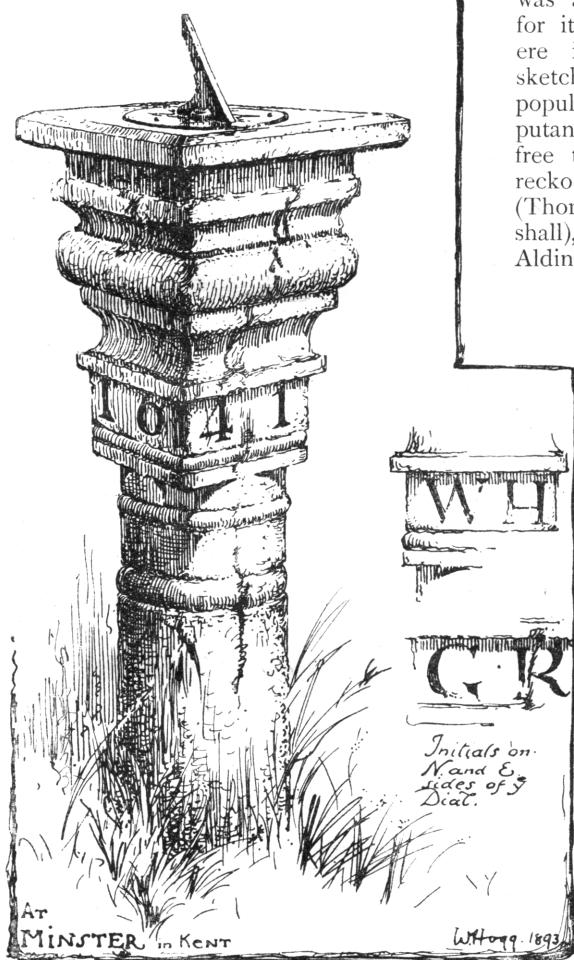


On the Isle of Thanet, about midway between Margate and Ramsgate, is the pleasant, straggling little village of Minster, which possesses two ancient dials worthy of note. The one of which I give a sketch stands hard by the western gate of the yard of the church, and has seen considerably better days, though it bears proof of having been lovingly tended of late years. Inscribed around the dial are the dates of three several restorations—in 1841, 1873, and again in 1890; the last, apparently, being by Langley Brothers, of St. Lawrence. Carved deeply and boldly into one of the flat members of the oaken shaft is a date, 1641, and the initials W. H. and G. R. The dial has a curious cut-off look, and one is led to suppose by its general proportions that the shaft was originally very much taller, but had, probably, become rotten through the extreme damp, and had broken off, only to be set up again in shortened form; or, can it be that, as the years have rolled on—for 1641 is a long, long time ago—

that it has become partially buried by ever-thickening graves and surface accumulations?

It is worth while to glance at the church, which is cruciform; it has a Norman nave, Early English transepts and choir, in which are some humorously carved Miserere stalls. An old chained Bible and a chest made out of an oak trunk are, too, to be seen. Close by, to the east of the church, on one of the chimneys of Minster Court (which dates from the twelfth century), is the other dial to which I referred; it was originally painted white

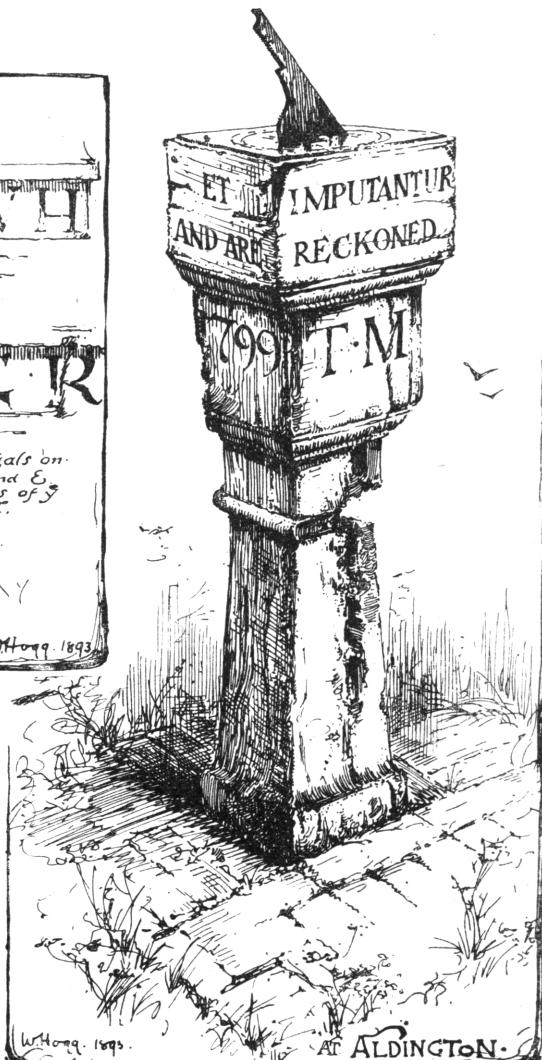
with black numerals, and was restored by J. Swiniford, Esq., in 1856, who then placed that date and his initials above the then existing motto upon the dial, which runs as follows: "Tempora labuntur quæ nobis



pereunt et imputantur." (*Time glides by, which perishes for us and is reckoned.*)

Tramp a couple of miles across country from Smeeth Station, and one comes to the little, old-world place of Aldington, where once the Archbishops of Canterbury had a hunting palace. Its church (of which Erasmus was rector in 1511) has a noble tower (built by Archbishop Wareham, in Henry VII.'s time), standing on an eminence facing Romney Marsh — a landmark for many a mile around. In the surrounding "garden of sleep" is a dial on a wooden shaft,

whose days are verily numbered. It is moss-grown, weather-beaten, time-worn, warped, and rotten to the core; but, nathless, a delightfully picturesque one. I gathered that Mr. Reginald Blomfield, the well-known architect (son of the present rector), was about to design an entirely new shaft for it, so one was glad of the opportunity, ere it was swept away, of making the sketch here given. It bears one of the most popular of all dial mottoes, "Pereunt et imputantur," and immediately underneath its free translation, "The hours pass and are reckoned." A date, 1799, the initials T. M. (Thomas Mills) and W. M. (William Marshall), who were once churchwardens of Aldington, are painted just below the motto.



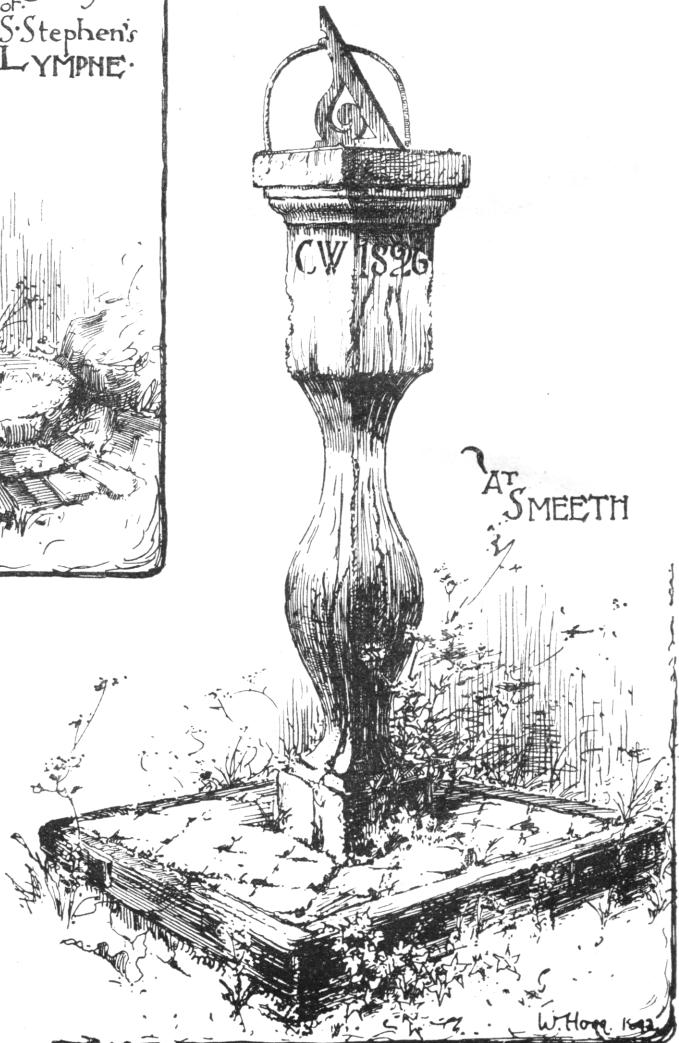
the whole resembling an attenuated-looking refreshment-table.

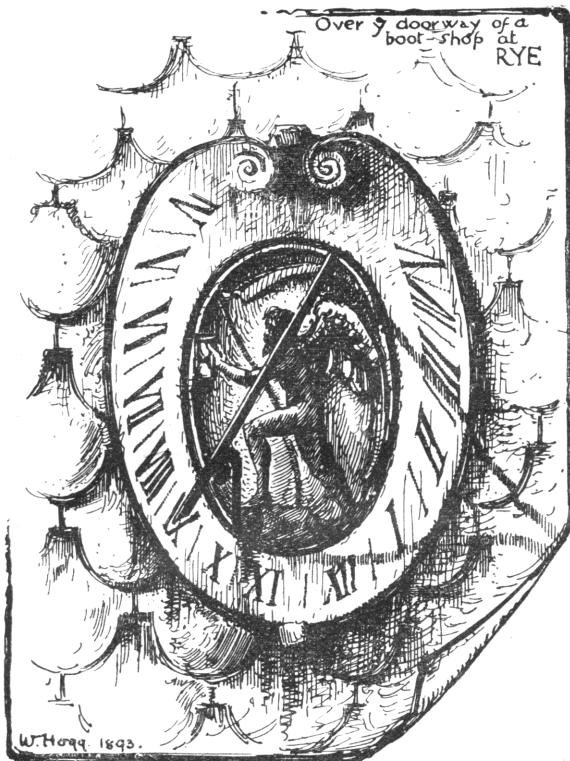
Besides several ancient dials on the south doorway of the Norman and Early English church of Smeeth, which I have previously mentioned, there is, hard by the pathway leading to the south porch, a dear, old-fashioned, picturesque-looking dial. The pedestal is of oak, rusty-black, set on a little square platform of reddish-brown, moss-covered, and grass-grown tiles, which are bordered by four oaken timbers heavily clamped with iron. The dial-plate is eight inches square, and the gnomon is supported by a stout copper rod in the same curious manner as the one at Chilham. The initials E. H. and C. W. (churchwardens), and the

Dial in
Churchyard
of
S. Stephen's
LYMPNE.



Lympne (the Portus Lemanis of the Romans, and one of their great garrison stations), now a decayed village, possesses a type of dial in the churchyard which I imagine has no counterpart. The circular plate is old, and, too, the brickwork of the base, but the shaft and dial-table (around the latter of which, in raised letters, is the oft-repeated motto: "Pereunt et Imputantur"), are of comparatively modern cast-iron; the general effect of



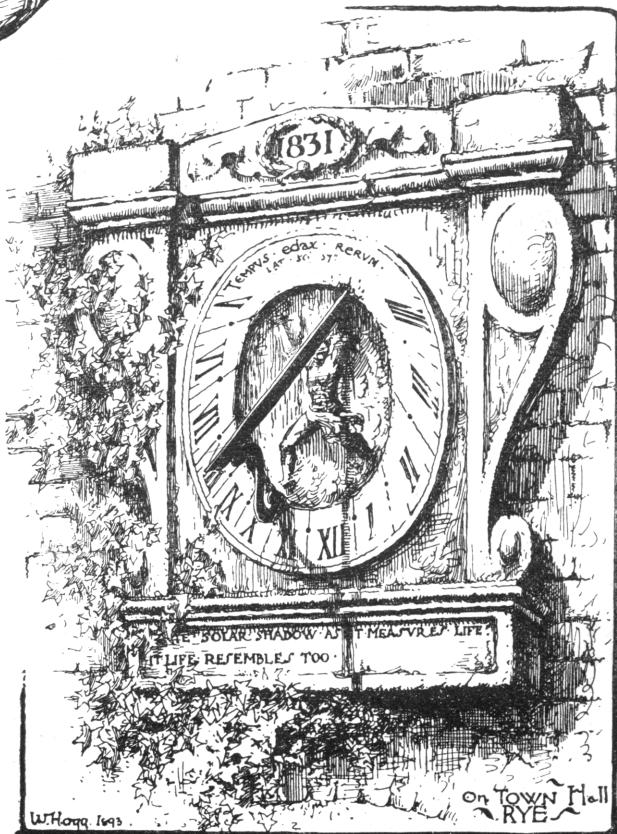


date, 1826, are carved on three of the sides of the shaft, the date probably referring to the last restoration. The whole is rapidly going to decay, and is split in several places almost from top to bottom.

Fixed against the red weather-tiling, and a few feet above the doorway of an old boot-shop in the High Street of Rye, is an oval dial of unusual interest and in excellent preservation; Mr. Wellsted, its owner, told me that it is probably about a hundred years old. Forty odd years ago the shop was a jeweller's, and of course it is not unlikely that he placed it there. It is rather under two feet in its largest dimension, has a white ground with black numerals and style, and, in a deeply-recessed panel in the centre, has a figure (apparently of plaster) modelled in high relief and painted black, representing Father Time, bald-headed (and, I am bound to add, with ears almost as large and protuberant

as a donkey's), bearing scythe and hour-glass. He is represented treading upward and onward on his dark pathway.

There is another dial at Rye, on the Court House or Town Hall, of which I am able to give a sketch. It was presented in 1831 to the town by Colonel Sir De Lacy Evans (of Crimean repute), M.P. for Rye at one time, and afterwards, at the time of his death, M.P. for Westminster. It is of stone, and was placed originally on the Grammar School, but was removed, I believe, in Jubilee year to its present position. It, too, in a central panel, has a representation of "Devouring Time," and the curious will observe that he is without hands, head, or feet—not to mention being minus half an arm. Immediately above is carved the quite (under the circumstances) appropriate motto, "Tempus edax rerum" (*Time the devourer of all things*). Seeing that he had already apparently de-



molished his own head, hands, and feet, not to mention other details, one smiled as one realized for once "the eternal fitness of things."

On the southern face of the Norman tower (rich in exterior arcading) of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, at Dover, is an old

and surrounded by a broad black border, upon which are painted in white (somewhat irregularly) the numerals. Two wide strips of lead, nailed above and to the east side, form a sort of water-shed and protection during stress of weather, and help to give the dial quite a piquancy of its own.

Dear old dials! they seem to possess a charm for so many types of mind—of interest alike to the archaeologist and the architect, the poet and the painter, while others find just the study of dial mottoes a fascinating pursuit—and no wonder, for they are sometimes so truly fine and almost always worthy of attention.

On a dial which stood in front of the Exhibition Buildings in Edinburgh in 1886 (but which has since been removed), and known as Prince Albert Victor's dial, were graven no fewer than nine mottoes, four of which I here give:—

I mark but the hours of sunshine.

Time is the chrysalis of eternity.

Time and tide tarry for no man.

Tak tent of time ere time be tint.

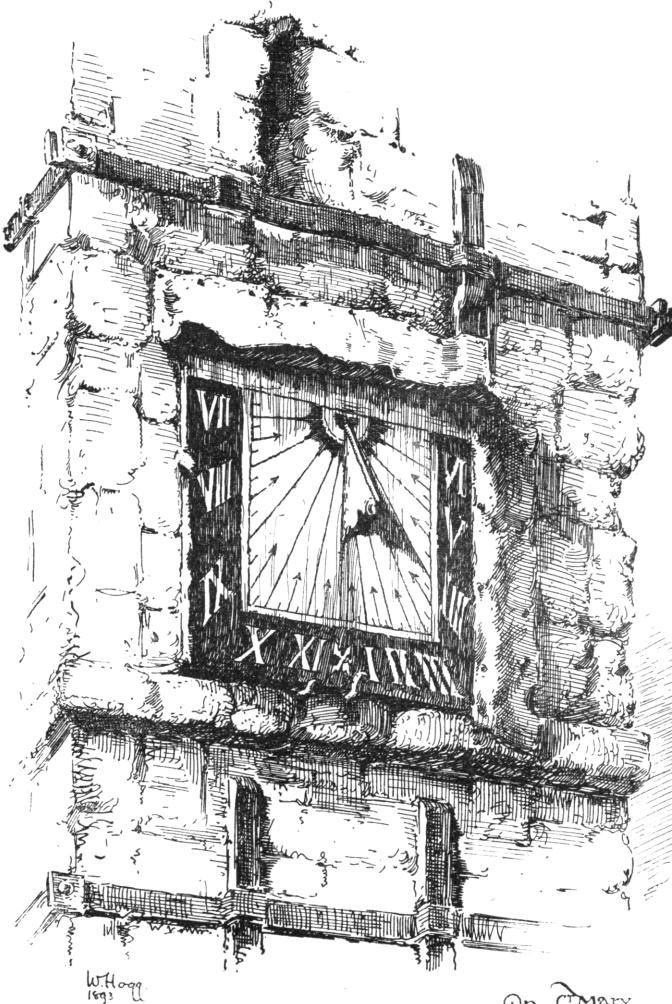
At Dunbar, on a dial, dated 1649, runs the motto: "Watch for ye kno not the hour"; and on one on the corner of a house near Edinburgh, dated 1683, is graven:—

As the sun runnes
So death comes.

What a peaceful one is that on the walls of a church in the north of Yorkshire:—

"In cœlo quies"
(In Heaven is rest).

"Now is yesterday's to-morrow," is to be found on a slate dial in Nottinghamshire. "The night cometh," which is engraven on a tower of a church in Surrey, seems to embody the story all dials have to tell us.



On St. Mary
the Virgin's Tower,
Dover.

vertical dial, interesting perhaps more to the artist than to the busy passers-by, who have not time in this work-a-day world to linger to see "the passing of the shadow," but glance doubtless at an obtrusive modern clock, lately placed upon the tower's western face. The dial is of wood, about 2½ ft. square, originally painted white in the centre

THE SLIPPERS OF ABOU-KAREM

A TURKISH TALE
FOR CHILDREN



FROM THE FRENCH OF
XAVIER MARMIER.



NCE upon a time there dwelt at Bagdad a merchant whose avarice was something frightful. His name was Abou-Karem. Although he was extremely rich, his clothes were nothing but rags, and nobody could possibly tell the original colour of the coarse cloth which formed his turban. But the most remarkable thing about him was his pair of slippers, an extraordinary collection of scraps and shreds, which looked like the remnants of a beggar's cloak, fastened upon soles studded with huge nails. For the last ten years these wretched shoes had given employment to the most patient cobblers of the town, and whenever anyone wished to describe a weighty burden he would say: "It is as heavy as Abou-Karem's slippers!"

One morning the grasping merchant, who was a keen hand at a bargain, went into the

public square and purchased at a very low price an assortment of crystals. A few days later he learned that a perfumer, whose affairs were embarrassed, had some attar of roses for sale. Profiting by this poor man's need, he bought the precious stuff at half-price. Now, it is the custom of Eastern merchants, when they have conducted an advantageous bargain, to invite their friends to a feast. But Abou-Karem, although much elated by his good luck, did not for an instant dream of squandering a portion of his profits upon a banquet. He decided, however, to take a bath, as it was a long time since he had permitted himself such a luxury. In leaving his house for the purpose he chanced to meet an acquaintance, who, observing how painfully he limped in his horrible old slippers, remarked to him that he really ought to buy some new ones.

"Well, I have sometimes thought of doing so," replied Abou-Karem; "but, upon reflection, I have come to the conclusion that these are not so bad after all, and may serve me a long time yet."

When the merchant had finished his ablutions, he donned again his rags, and wound his filthy turban around his head, but in the place of his own much-mended shoes he found a handsome and perfectly new pair of slippers. Thinking that these must be a generous gift from the friend whom he had met that morning, he coolly slipped his feet into them, and returned to his dwelling in

high glee at being so cheaply and excellently shod.

Unfortunately for Abou-Karem, these beautiful slippers belonged to the Cadi of Bagdad, who, almost at the same time as the miser, had visited the same bathing establishment.

The wrath of this potentate may be imagined when his slaves, searching everywhere for his slippers, found only those of Abou-Karem. The miser was promptly arrested, and dragged as a thief before the Cadi. In vain he attempted to defend himself; nobody would listen to him. He was thrown into prison, and released only upon payment of a fine—a considerable sum, with which he might have bought a quantity of fine things.

On his return to his house, Abou-Karem, in a rage with his slippers, as being the cause of his misfortune, flung them into the Tigris, which flowed beneath his windows. Several days afterwards some fishermen drew forth from the river a heavy net. They doubted

they expected to see, they beheld Abou-Karem's slippers, the nails of which had broken the meshes of their net. Disentangling them from their injured property, they hurled them furiously against the miser's windows. Falling violently into his room, the slippers smashed the bottles of attar of roses and the crystals which he had hoped to turn to such profitable account.

“Ah! hateful slippers!” exclaimed their owner, as he entered the chamber, and saw the havoc they had wrought. “At all events, you shall harm me no more!” Then, taking with him a spade, he went into his garden, dug there a deep hole, and buried the obnoxious shoes. A neighbour who was his enemy, seeing him thus employed, hastened to inform the governor that the lucky Abou-Karem was digging in his garden for hidden treasure. The powerful functionary's cupidity was at once excited. In vain the merchant denied his neighbour's story, and protested that his only object in digging had been the



“SOME FISHERMEN DREW FORTH A HEAVY NET.”

not but that they had taken an exceptionally good haul, and rejoiced accordingly. How disgusted were they when, instead of the fish

burial of his slippers. Vainly, in order to prove the truth of his statement, he exhibited his fatal property. The governor sternly

refused to believe him, and ordered him to pay a heavy fine.

Abou-Karem left the presence of his implacable judge, bearing in his hands the slippers which had failed to prove his innocence, and crying, in his grief and rage: "I wish never to touch them, never to see them, again!"

With these words, he threw the slippers into a reservoir which adjoined the governor's palace. Unhappily, they were sucked into an already obstructed pipe, and completely stopped the flow of the water. Then there was a huge outcry. The engineers, summoned in hot haste to ascertain the cause of this accident, discovered, of course, the clumsy slippers, and, equally of course, were careful to suppress the fact that owing to their own negligence the pipe had been already partially stopped up when the slippers had been thrown in. It was Abou-Karem who had done all the mischief, doubtless out of spite against the governor.

Again he was arrested and sentenced to pay another heavy fine. His slippers, however, were scrupulously returned to him.

"What is to be done with them?" said the worried man to himself. "I have consigned them to the earth and to the water, and the result in each case has been most disastrous. It only remains for me to commit them to the flames. But as they are so soaked with

water and mud, it will be necessary first to dry them."

Thus cogitating, he carried them up to the roof of his house and deposited them upon the terrace. Alas! his misfortunes were not yet ended. A dog, amusing himself upon a neighbouring terrace, leaped upon that of Abou-Karem, began to play with those luckless slippers, dragged one of them to the edge of the roof, and let it fall upon the head of a woman who, carrying a child in her arms, was walking in the street below. Upon the summons of the woman's husband, Abou-Karem was arrested for the fourth time, and punished more severely than ever for having nearly killed, by his carelessness, a mother and her child.

After the sentence had been pronounced, the merchant, turning a rueful face towards the Cadi, addressed him thus: "Most puissant judge! I submit myself humbly to your decree. I will pay the fine, and undergo my chastisement. But I implore of you this one favour—protect me against my terrible slippers! They have caused me to be imprisoned, humiliated, ruined, and have put me in peril of capital punishment. Who knows to what danger they might not yet expose me? Be just and merciful! Let me hope that the evils which they have brought about may be no longer attributed to me, but



"HE THREW THE SLIPPERS INTO A RESERVOIR."



"PROTECT ME AGAINST MY TERRIBLE SLIPPERS!"

rather to these instruments of wicked spirits!"

The Cadi acceded to this request, promising that he would himself take charge of the fatal shoes. At the same time, he warned

the avaricious Abou-Karem that true economy does not consist in the continual amassing of wealth, but rather in the wise management and regulation of needful expenditure.

The Queer Side of Things—Among the Freaks,

No. III.—THE N'SHUGIE-GUMBO.



HROM what you have told me," I said to the Doorkeeper, "I gather that 'Freaks,' as a rule, are not overburdened with brains."

"There ain't brains enough in an ordinary Dime Museum, all put together, to fit out even a member of Congress. Why, if you could take the brains of all my company, barring the Dwarf's, and put them in the skull of a second-rate temperance orator, you'd find that they'd rattle round like dried peas. You see, 'Freaks' make their living by careful cultivation of their bodies. Naturally, their minds are no sort of use to them. What's the good of a mind to a Fat Woman? What she requires to succeed in her profession is flesh, not intellect. It's the same way with all the rest of them, excepting the Lightning

Calculator, and even he needs 'cheek' more than he does mind.

"Of course," continued the Doorkeeper, "there's exceptions to every rule. Now, my Dwarf is as bright a chap as you can find in any newspaper office in the country, and it is my experience that the smartest class of men we have are the newspaper reporters. I never try to fool a reporter. If I see one coming into my show I just open a bottle of wine for him, and I say, 'You'll see that the Gorilla, or maybe the Fat Woman, isn't quite according to the small bills; but strange coincidences will happen in this world, and if you shouldn't give me away, and if you should receive a ten-dollar bill in an anonymous letter the next day, it would be a coincidence that would be pleasant as well as improving for all concerned.' I never yet had a reporter prove himself unworthy of my

confidence. They are a high-minded, honourable class, provided you pay up handsomely, and never deceive them.

"But I was going to tell you about my Dwarf. He is about forty years old, as I should judge, and he has spent the best part of his life in inventing things. Some of his inventions are useful ones, and he holds two or three patents that have involved him in a lot of lawsuits and cost him no end of money, which, as everybody knows, is what a successful invention always does. He was working at one time on a patent umbrella gun and shield, which he expected would be adopted by every army in the world, and would make him a millionaire half-a-dozen times over. His first idea was to make a combined umbrella and sword-cane. He made an umbrella with a stout handle, and fitted the handle with a sword, which, when it was thrown out by a spring, projected about two feet from the end of the stick.

"Well! he saw after a while that the only way this weapon could be used was by treating it like a gun with a fixed bayonet, so he modified his sword by turning it into a regular sword bayonet. Then it occurred to him that if he turned the umbrella stick into a rifle he would have a better weapon still, so he substituted a Remington rifle for his umbrella stick, and fitted an ordinary umbrella frame to it. What he really had at this stage of the proceedings was a rifle with an umbrella attachment. It was useful for keeping off the rain, provided anyone wanted to carry such a heavy weight; but, as I told him one day when he was showing the model to me, most people would prefer an umbrella weighing less than sixteen pounds.



"USEFUL FOR KEEPING OFF THE RAIN."

"The next thing he did with that invention was to make his umbrella shot-proof. This was, according to him, the biggest invention since the invention of fire-arms. His idea was that a regiment of soldiers armed with his umbrella could advance on the enemy, firing as they advanced, and sheltering themselves behind their umbrellas so that it wouldn't be possible for them to get hit, except, perhaps, in the lower part of the leg. He was so sure that he had made the greatest invention of the age that he got pretty angry with me when I asked him what material he calculated to make his umbrella out of. 'Steel,' said he. 'Thin steel; just thick enough to resist a rifle bullet.' 'And how are you going to shut your steel umbrella when it ain't in use?' says I. 'Colonel!' says he, very dignified, and mad enough to try his rifle on me, 'if you'll attend to your part of thishyer show, I'll attend to mine.'

"Well, that Dwarf worked at that invention for more than a year. He managed to make a steel umbrella that would shut up after a fashion, but it weighed about a hundred pounds.

Then he tried making his umbrella of steel chain-work, like the sort of old armour those chaps in the Crusades used to wear, but it weighed almost as much as the solid steel, and then it let in water like a sieve, and was of no sort of use as an umbrella against the rain.

"Of course, this didn't suit him, so he covered his chain-armour with rubber-cloth and made a small hole in it near the top with a trap-door to open and shut, so as a soldier could take aim through it when the umbrella was open. But he wasn't satisfied yet, and that invention kept on growing. The Dwarf made an extension of canvas to button on to the sides of the umbrella, so as to make a tent of the whole affair. All you had to do was to button on this extension,

and then dig a hole in the ground for the butt of the gun. When you had planted the gun in this hole, and opened the umbrella and pegged it down all round, you had a first-class circular tent.

"By this time the thing had got to weigh so much that no man could have carried it on a march, but the Dwarf fitted a wheel on to the muzzle of the gun, so that the thing could be wheeled like a wheelbarrow. When he had put hooks on to the under side of the gun for a knapsack and a haversack, and a cartridge box, and a blanket, and all the rest of a man's kit, he considered that the invention was about complete. But he couldn't get the Government or anybody else to do anything but laugh at it, so he finally gave it up as a bad job, and worked off his steel umbrella frames on the Fat Woman as the latest style of crinoline. But all this goes to show that the Dwarf was a person with intellects into him. I can't say much for his morals, or his temper, but there is no doubt that he did have brains.

"He came to me one day about two years ago and said, 'Colonel, I understand that all your monkeys are dead.' You see, I had taken a cage of six monkeys from a friend of mine who was in the menagerie line in payment of a bad debt, and the monkeys had proved a strong attraction while they lasted.

However, the climate finished them after a while, as it always will do, and all that was left of them was the big empty cage.

"'You know well enough the monkeys are dead,' says I to the Dwarf. 'But what's that to you? They weren't any relation of yours, so far as I know.'

"'How would you like a first-class trained orang-outang?' says the Dwarf. 'One that could smoke, and let on to read a newspaper, and do all them sort of tricks?'

"'Are you thinking of applying for the place?' I asked, not feeling in particularly good temper myself that morning, for something, I forgot what, had gone wrong with me.

"'Just so,' says he. 'I've studied up the monkey business since you had those monkeys here, and I can do it as well as the best of them. Come along to the cage and I'll show you something.'

"I went along with him, and when we got to the cage the Dwarf pulls off his shoes and stockings, and jumps up against the side of the cage, clutching the bars with his hands and feet at the same time just as a monkey would do. Then he chatters, and makes a grab for my watch chain, and would have got it, too, if I hadn't jumped back pretty spry.

"'How do I do it?' asked the Dwarf.

"'Better than the other monkeys,' said I.

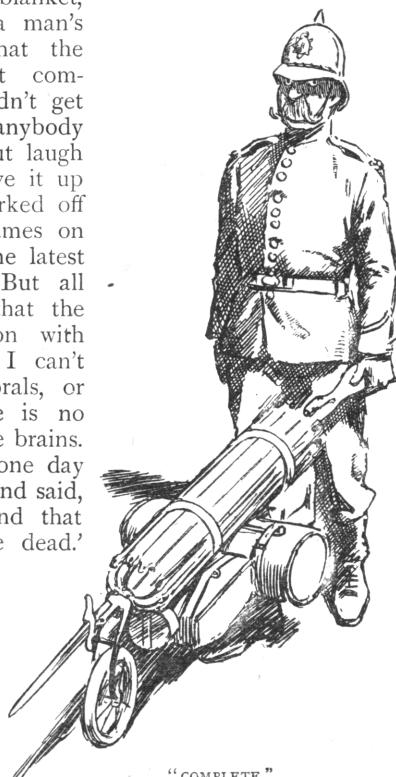
"'Well!' says he. 'I'm ready to be an orang-outang in the afternoon and a Dwarf at night, if you'll double my salary. That is, as soon as I get my tail perfected.'

"'What are you giving us?' said I. 'Orang-outangs don't have no tails.'

"'This here one does,' said the Dwarf, 'and it's going to be a practicable tail too. I have been working at it for the last week, and I shall have it after a bit in such a state that I can hook it around a chandelier and swing head downwards. That will convince the public that I am genuine. It's easy enough to dress up like any animal, except an elephant, or maybe a camelopard, but it's the tail that always gives a man away. And if you don't have a tail, people will think that you

shirked it because you knew you were playing a game on them, and couldn't succeed if you put on a tail. Now, my tail will be the very thing that will convince the public that they are looking at a real orang-outang, and not at a Chinaman, like your last Gorilla.'

"'You might be a new sort of monkey discovered by Stanley in Central Africa, and sent over to me as a special testimonial of friendship,' says I, for I was beginning to think that the little man's idea was a good one. 'You get up a practicable tail, and a good general disguise, and I'll agree to your terms and maybe do something better still.' So it was agreed that as soon as the Dwarf could



"COMPLETE."



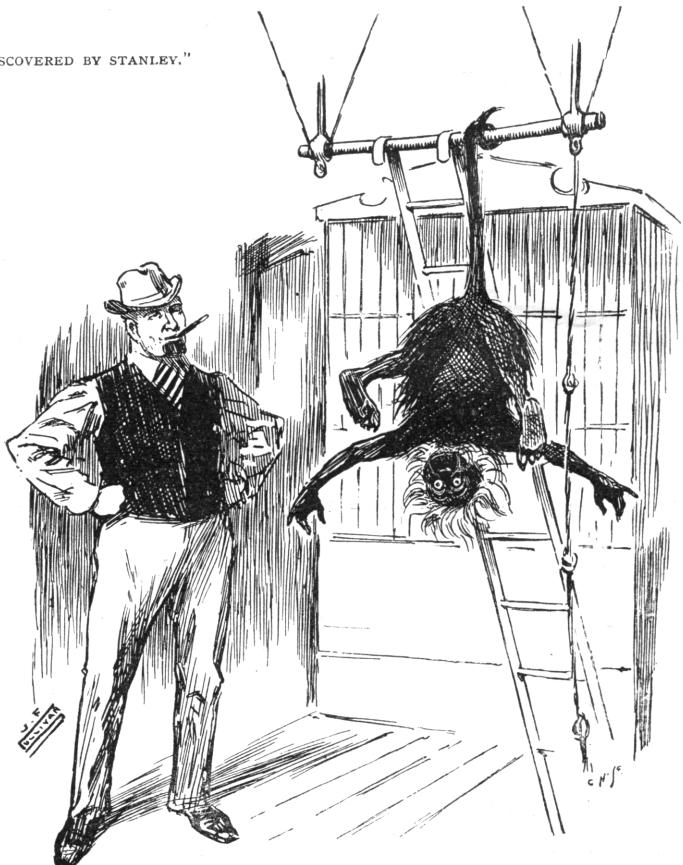
"DISCOVERED BY STANLEY."

invent a satisfactory tail, he should be brought out as a learned ape.

"That tail was one of the best things the Dwarf ever invented. It was made of steel, with no end of joints, and was about as flexible as the real article. It was contrived so that whenever the Dwarf took a turn with it around anything, it would keep its hold till he released it by touching a spring somewhere about his waist. His general make-up was superb. He wasn't content with just putting on a skin, and painting his face a little, but he padded himself here and there, and wore a flexible mask that was twice as ugly and just as probable as any monkey's face you ever saw. When he first showed himself to me in this get-up I saw at once that he was going to be a big success, and

when he hooked his tail over the Strong Woman's horizontal bar, and swung head downwards, and chattered and cussed in the monkey dialect, there wasn't a scientific chap in all Chicago, to say nothing of a regular menagerie sharp, who could have supposed that he wasn't genuine.

"What with drawing two salaries, and having a fair opportunity to play tricks on the public, the Dwarf was a middling happy man. There was always a crowd round his cage, and nobody seemed to read the notices warning people not to go within reach of the N'Shugie - Gumbo,



"HE SWUNG HEAD DOWNWARDS."

which was the name a friend of mine, who had read a lot about Central Africa, gave him. The Dwarf would sit and look at the people in the solemnest kind of way for a few minutes, and then he would come to the front of the cage and put his arm through the bars to shake hands.

"Everybody would want to shake hands with him, and presently he would get a chance to snatch a woman's bonnet. He would haul it through the bars, and then he would hook his tail over a horizontal bar that was in the cage, and swing comfortably while he pulled the bonnet into shreds. Of course, the woman would yell, but everybody else would be delighted, and the Dwarf, having a natural love for malicious mischief, would be as happy as they make 'em. Then he would lay for spectacles, and if any man or woman wearing glasses came inside his reach, he would snatch their glasses and break them into bits before they could fairly realize what was the matter.

"Occasionally, when a man lost a pair of gold spectacles, he would appeal to me, and I would go into the cage with a whip, and make the monkey disgorge, which he always did after making sure that he had bent them up about as far as they could be bent.

"Then, in addition to his fun, the Dwarf had lots of candy and apples and such given to him, and what he didn't eat on the spot he used to hide under a blanket in the corner till the show was over. As for cigars, he used to get the best part of a box every day. The people were just wild to see him smoke, and they said he did it just like a human being. He used to smoke pretty near the whole afternoon, and when the show closed he would have a double hand-

ful of cigars to carry to his room. All the other 'Freaks' were raging with envy at his good luck, and being, as I said, naturally vicious, this only made him the happier. Nobody outside of my establishment had the least idea that the N'Shugie-Gumbo wasn't a genuine Central African monkey, and a scientific chap belonging to the Chicago University wrote a paper about him to show that he was a missing lynx, which to my mind showed how big an idiot a scientific chap can be, for the Dwarf wasn't missing, and he wasn't the least bit like a lynx.

"He was climbing into his cage one afternoon, just before the show opened, and as I was passing by I asked him how things were going with him.

"I don't feel easy about that tail," says he. "It don't work altogether right. Yesterday, when I had it hooked round the bar I couldn't get it loose again for about half an hour, and was afraid I should have to call for help, which would have been the ruin of me. I've examined it, and I can't find anything the matter with it. I suppose it's just the cussedness of the spring, that'll work sometimes, and sometimes it won't. I'm a little afraid that it'll get me into a scrape yet before

this thing is played out."

"I remembered these remarks afterwards, for they seemed to be sort of prophetic, as you might say. That very afternoon the tail failed to do its work, and the Dwarf's experience as a monkey had to be brought to a close. My own idea is that the tail needed to be oiled, or else that the spring had got bent in some way. Anyway, it got the Dwarf into



"JUST LIKE A HUMAN BEING."

the worst trouble that he ever got into while he was with me.

"It happened in the course of the afternoon, when the house was pretty full, and there was a big crowd round the monkey's cage, that the Dwarf accidentally let his tail slip through the bars and hang down where the people could reach it. There was a woman standing close to the cage, and she thought it would be smart to take hold of the end of the tail and give it a pull. Accordingly, she did so, and the minute she took the tail in her hand, it curled round her wrist, and there she was, held fast. As I told you, the tail acted automatically, and

ear that laid him out, remarking as he did so, in a quiet way, that there wasn't going to be no cruelty to no animals while he was on hand.

"All this time the Dwarf was fumbling away, trying to make the spring work, and so get his tail loose before anything serious should happen. It wasn't long before it did happen. The big man who was opposed to cruelty to animals said that all that was needed to make the monkey listen to reason was firmness and gentleness, and that if anyone would pull steadily on the tail the mon-

key would be glad to let the woman loose. Accordingly he laid hold of the tail, and two or three other chaps laid hold of it too, just to show how anxious they were to help the poor woman. A gentle pull didn't have any effect on the monkey except to haul him tight up against the bars, and the man who had been knocked down for trying to use his knife began to relieve his feelings by getting the big man by the collar, and trying to pull him backwards. What with hanging on to the tail so as to keep himself on his feet, and what

with being a little excited, the big man pulled harder than he meant to, and the men that were helping him pulled their heaviest.

"The long and short of it was that the tail, which had never been built to stand such a strain, gave way, and most of the public that were standing close to the cage went down on the floor in a heap.

"When the big man got up, waving the tail in the air, with its leather fastenings and buckles and such in plain sight, the Dwarf knew that it was all up with the N'Shugie-Gumbo. In similar circumstances an audience generally cleans out the establishment, and that is what would probably have happened on this occasion, if it hadn't been that a free fight was going on among the men that had been knocked over when



"IT CURLED ROUND HER WRIST."

whatever it took hold of it held on to till the Dwarf touched the spring that released it.

"Of course, as soon as the Dwarf saw what was up, he tried to let go his hold of the woman's hand, but the spring wouldn't work, and the woman began to get frightened, and cried for help. Two or three men came to her assistance, and tried their level best to untwist the tail, but it was made of the best steel, and they couldn't do anything with it. Then, seeing that the woman was half frightened to death, a man pulled out a knife and started in to cut the monkey's tail off. He hadn't more than turned the edge of his knife on the steel, and cut his own fingers, when another man—a big fellow, who had something to do with the Society for Prevention of Cruelty, fetched him one under the

the tail gave way, and they had no time to attend to serious things. I called in a couple of policemen and had the whole lot arrested for breach of the peace, and it being by that time about the hour for closing, I induced everybody to leave by offering them their money back. You can bet I felt relieved when the last man had gone, for if the crowd had undertook to clean out the place they would have killed the Dwarf for certain.

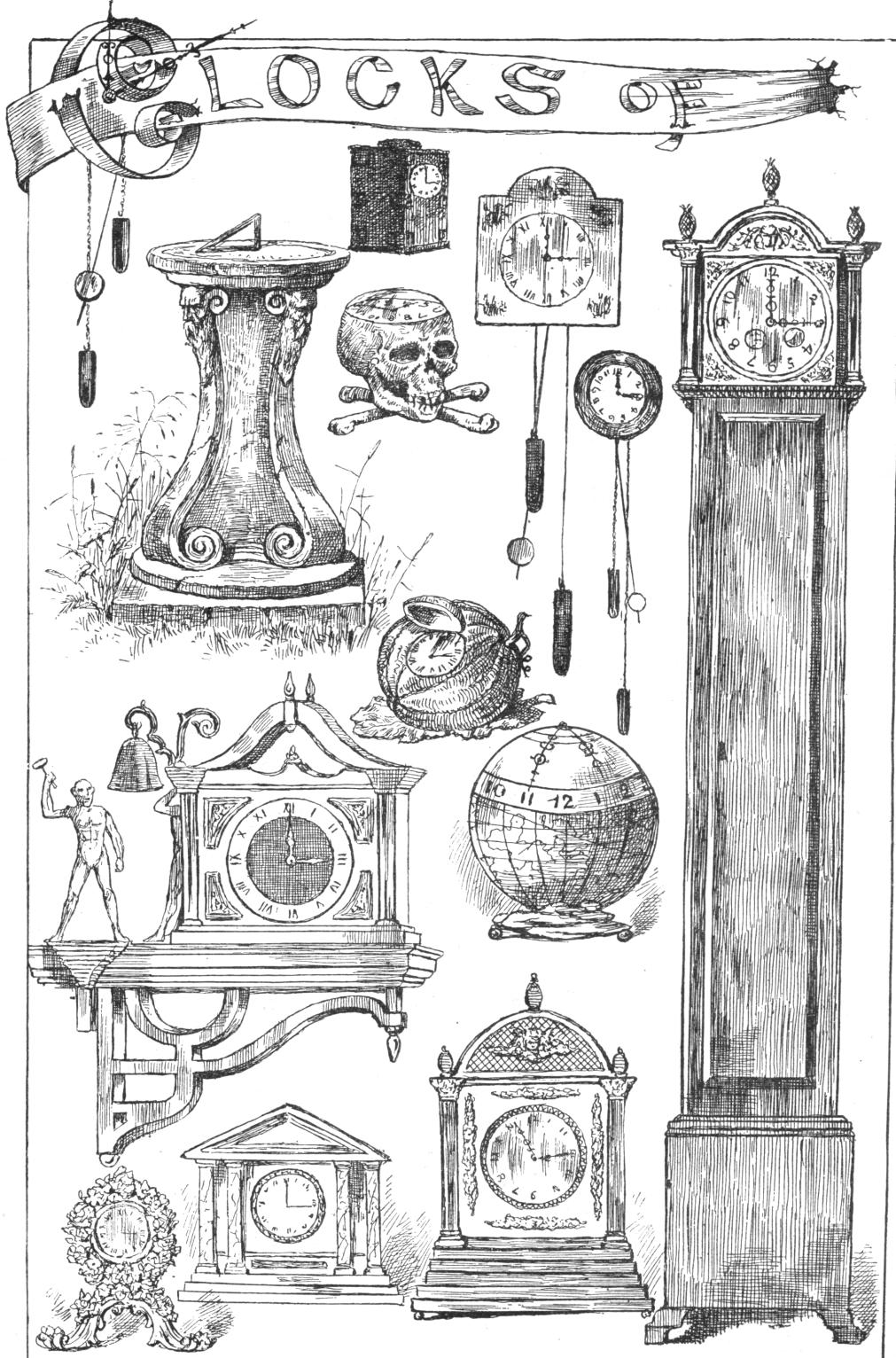
"I don't so much mind giving up the monkey business," said the Dwarf to me that evening, "for I was beginning to get tired of it; but I do hate to quit without ever having got hold of a wig. I've had more than thirty bonnets, and fifteen spectacles, but I've

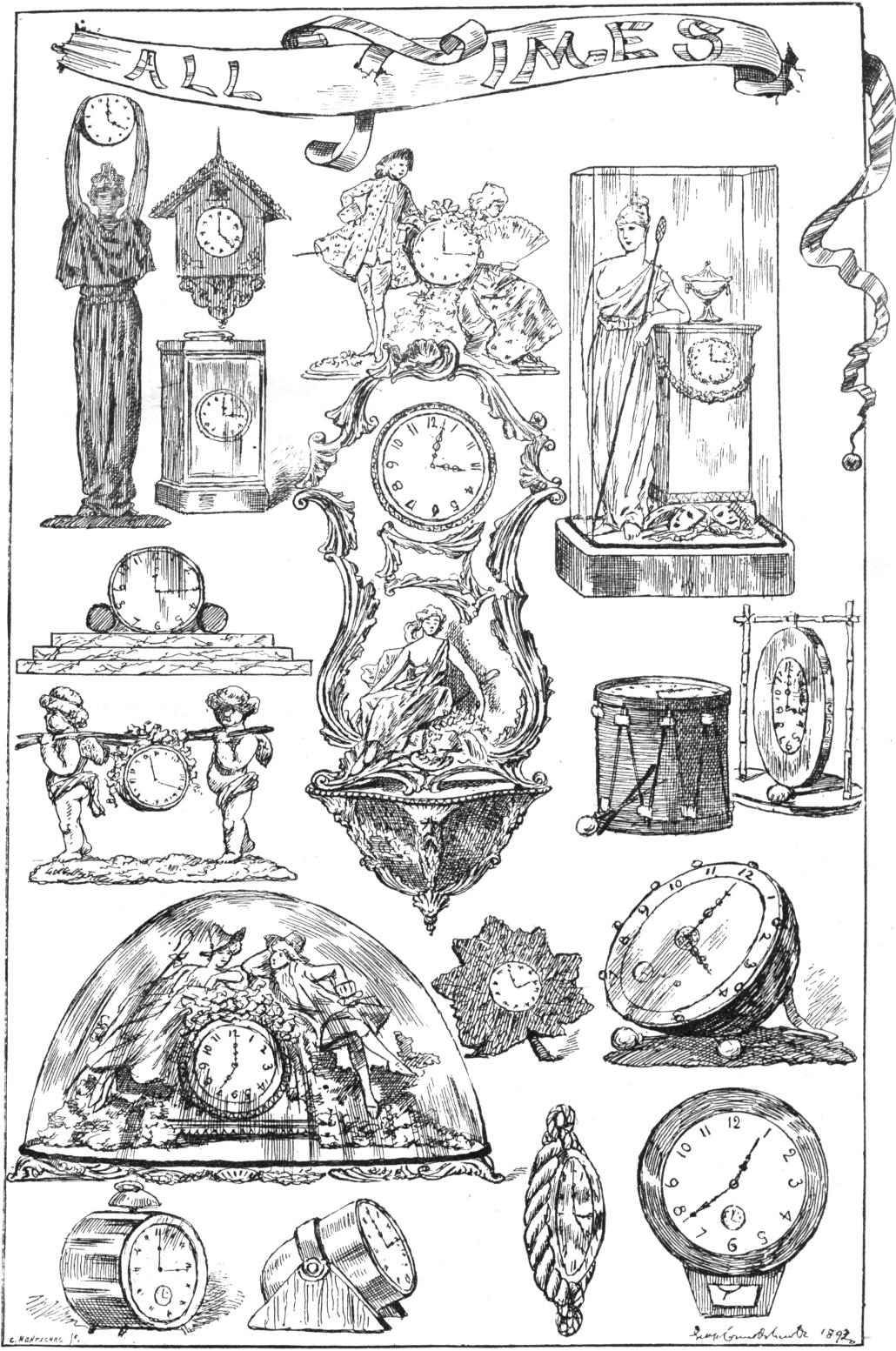
never been able to grab any man's wig, though I've come near it two or three times. Well, I suppose we can't have everything here to please us. I've had a good time while it lasted, and I suppose I ought to be satisfied. But I should like to have stole just one wig."

"He was the most intelligent 'Freak' I ever knew, and that steel tail of his was a mighty smart invention; but I told him that, after considering all things, I should expect him to stick to the legitimate, and should refuse to give my sanction to any more plans for deluding the public, seeing as they are nearly always failures in the long run."

W. L. ALDEN.





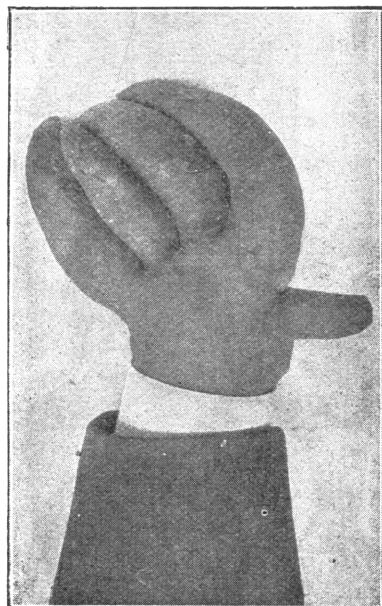




Manatee, caught in Algoa Bay, the only one captured of late years, sent by Mr. T. G. Field, of Tiverton. From a Photograph by Harris, Port Elizabeth.



A Radish, sent by Mr. Norton Macneil, photographer, Blackburn.



A Turnip, sent by Mr. David Syme, Cedar Grove, North Berwick.



A Potato, purchased in Leeds Market, and Photographed by Mr. R. Slade, Jun., of Leeds. Sent by Mrs. Frances Scotson, of Birkdale, Southport.